

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

BOSS OF WALL STREET OR TAKING CHANCES ON THE CURB

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"That's enough from you, Mr. Simms," cried Bob, stepping quickly forward and shoving the palm of his hand against the broker's face, forcing him violently backward. "Get away now, or I'll be tempted to knock the daylights out of you."

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BOSS OF WALL STREET

Or, TAKING CHANCES ON THE CURB

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Bob's Unsatisfactory Mission.

"Get out of my way, boy!" snorted Broker Simms, a sleek-looking, well-fed gentleman, of perhaps forty-eight years, to a small, freckle-faced, toughskinned newsboy who suddenly blocked his path along Broad street.

The boy, whose trousers, a size too large for him, were held up by one suspender that was partly visible through a rent in his ragged jacket, made no move to get out of the way.

"Your name is Simms, ain't it?" he said, aggressively.

The broker glared at the tough youth.

"I told you to——"

"I've got somet'in' to say to yer, mister. You're de owner of de tenement on Pike street where me and me mudder lives," proceeded the boy, still more aggressively. "De agent of de buildin' stuck a notice on our door dis mornin' 'cause we're behind in de rent. Dat means if me mudder don't pay up in t'ree days dat de marshal'll dump our t'ings on de street. De eight dollars ain't not'in' to youse, 'cause yer rich and don't need it, but it's more dan we kin raise, 'cause me mudder is sick and can't take in washin' dis week, nor do any scrubbin' at de office where she works in de afternoon. Dat bein' de case, I t'ought I'd put it up to yer to give us a chance. Youse kin tell de agent to cut out dat notice, and me mudder'll pay as soon as she kin get to work."

If Andrew Simms hadn't been feeling pretty good that afternoon he wouldn't have allowed the boy to finish his speech.

If there was one thing he hated it was to come into contact with what he called the dregs of society.

As a rule, he wouldn't patronize a street boot-black.

In fact, he didn't like boys, anyway, and tolerated only the well-dressed scions of his wealthy friends and acquaintances.

Having heard the boy's speech, and comprehended it in a general way, he said, impatiently, as he was accustomed to dismiss a disagreeable matter:

"Don't bother me, boy. I never interfere with the doings of my agent."

He made a motion to proceed, but the boy shifted his position and stopped him.

"Dat's all right, but dis is a special——"

"Get out of my way, will you?" roared the broker, brushing the lad from his path and passing on, with his chest expanded and his head up.

"Yah! yer meaner dan dirt, youse is!" cried

the boy, whose name was Jimmy Grimes, shaking his dirty fist after the trader.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" asked a cheery voice, and a well-dressed, smart-looking boy of eighteen stopped in front of the newsboy.

"Dat you, Bob Granger? Dere's everyt'in' de matter. Do yer know dat stuff?"

"You mean Broker Simms? I know him slightly. I used to call at his office when I worked for Mr. Stark. What did he do? Turn you down when you offered him a paper?"

"I didn't offer him no paper. I wanted him to do de right t'ing, but he wouldn't do not'in'."

"What do you mean by the right thing? What did you ask him to do?"

"I asked him to give me mudder a chance."

"Your mother a chance! In what way?"

"He owns de tenement where we live."

"Well?"

"We owed a mont's rent on de fifteent'. Dat's eight dollars."

"Yes."

"Me mudder is sick in bed and can't work, and we ain't got de eight dollars."

"I see, and you asked him to give you time?"

"Dat's it. De agent stuck a notice on de door dis mornin'. It's an order from de court for me mudder to appear and show cause, or we kin get out wit'in t'ree days, see? If we don't get out, our t'ings'll be t'rown out on de sidewalk by de marshal."

"That'll be tough, but if your mother is sick in bed——"

"Dat don't make no diff'rence. Dey'll carry her out on de mattress even if it wuz rainin'. I seen de marshals once dump a little gal out dat wuz dyin' wit' de consumpshun, and she laid in de street till dey sent an ambulance and took her off to de hospital. Dem marshals ain't got no feelin's. If dey had any dey wouldn't be in de business. Dey got to do dem t'ings anyway, 'cause de law says so. I t'ink it's a bum law, but, den, poor people ain't got no rights, anyway."

Bob Granger looked at Jimmy's tough and half-fed physiognomy and felt sorry for him.

He had known the newsboy for a year or more, and had found him a very interesting specimen from the slums.

He was about fourteen years old, bright and smart, but small for his age.

One thing that commended Jimmy in his eyes was that he had never heard the boy utter an oath or vile expression, even when angry, though otherwise there was little to distinguish him from lads of his low station in life.

Bob, who was an ex-broker's messenger, but now in business for himself on the Curb, though he had to operate under certain difficulties because his age debarred him from membership in the Curb Exchange, liked the little street Arab and always acted in a friendly way toward him, while Jimmy was willing to swear by Bob, and would have done a great deal for him had he been asked.

"Jimmy, do you really expect to be put out of your rooms?" he said.

"Do I expect dat to-morrer is Sunday? Youse kin gamble on it dat it's a sure t'ing we'll be put out."

"Even if your mother is sick in bed?"

"I told yer dat don't make no diff'rence."

"You explained that to Mr. Simms?"

"I told him me mudder wuz sick, but he said dat he never interfered wit' de doin's of his agent. Dat's jest de way wit' dem rich landlords. All dey is lookin' for is deir rent. If yer can't pay youse kin sneak wit' yer stuff, and anudder tenant wot kin pay moves in. Dat's all dere is to it."

"So he wouldn't do anything for you?"

"Not a t'ing."

"Well, I'm not surprised. Landlords who employ agents always leave the management of their property in the agent's hands. You can't blame them. They have the right to do that if they want to. It is up to the agent to collect the rents and run the property as economically as possible. Still a landlord can request his agent to be lenient with a tenant who is in hard luck. Mr. Simms would hardly be impressed by your request, so it is not singular that he turned you down. I'll call on him myself and state the case. Perhaps he'll be willing to waive the dispossess considering that your mother is sick. You know where my office is, Jimmy. Call there in an hour and I'll let you know how things have panned out," said Bob.

"T'anks, boss. You're a gent. If I kin do anyt'in' for yer, let me know," said the newsboy, gratefully.

Bob called in at Broker Simm's office on his way to his own.

He was admitted to the broker's private room.

"What can I do for you, young man?" said Simms, whose dislike for boys extended to those of Bob's age and growth.

He knew Bob well when he was messenger for the late Mr. Stark, and he knew that the young fellow was now trying to make a living on the Curb.

As he had no sympathy for very young traders, whom he was accustomed to denounce for their nerve in trying to imitate their elders, he felt grouchy toward Bob.

Bob at once introduced the object of his visit.

"So that's what brought you here, is it?" growled Simms. "By what right do you presume to butt into my business?"

"I'm not trying to butt into your business, sir. I merely called in the interest of that boy's mother. She's a poor scrub-woman who is trying her best to keep a roof over the head of herself and her son. I dare say she has a hard job doing it, for it is probable that the united earnings of Jimmy and herself barely make ends meet. However, that has nothing to do with the matter. I

understand that she is ill in bed, and that is the reason why she cannot pay her rent when called on to do so. I think under the circumstances it would be a graceful act on your part, Mr. Simms, not to have her turned out on the street."

"Do you propose to read me a lesson as to my duty?" roared Simms, angrily. "I have business to attend to, so I think you'd better cut your visit short."

"Then you won't do anything?" said Bob, rising.

"No, I won't; and let me tell you, I think you have great nerve coming here and interfering in my affairs."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Simms!"

"Good-afternoon!" said the broker, shortly.

Bob walked out and went on to his own office.

CHAPTER II.—Bob's First Customer.

Bob Granger had a small office on the fifth floor of the Baker Building, on Wall Street. It was suitably furnished for the business he followed. Bob had no customers, and operated on the market solely on his own account. Starting with a limited capital, he had been successful, as a rule, in his deals and had now accumulated \$6,000. The sign on his door read: "Robert Granger, stocks and bonds, mining shares a specialty." He lived with his married aunt in the Bronx, and went to and fro on the Third Avenue elevated, as the subway was at that time in the course of final construction. He advertised his business more as a matter of form than anything else, in two of the Wall Street papers, but though he had received many letters from out-of-town people he had done no actual business with outsiders.

When Bob entered his den, as he called it, for that is about what it looked like in point of size, he seated himself at his desk, which overlooked a wide air-shaft or court, and leaning back in his chair, looked idly at the indicator which was ticking merrily away. He was not interested in any deal just then, and the market was rather off—that is, prices were weak and business slack. We are referring to the Curb, and not to the big Stock Exchange. Bob sometimes dabbled in railroad stocks, but as he had to do that on margin altogether, which is always a risky operation, he didn't take the same interest in them that he did in Curb stocks which, in the majority of cases, he could afford to purchase outright. He took an afternoon paper out of his pocket and began reading it. His eye was arrested by the story of a tragedy which had happened some time between midnight and that morning. The police had got wind of it during the early forenoon, and the reporters were soon busy at their heels. An old man, who lives in an antiquated mansion in the Bronx with his niece, was the victim of an unknown assassin. In addition to the niece, he had kept a cook, a chambermaid, and a man-of-all-work on the premises. The murdered man had been a money-lender by occupation, and his customers were chiefly theatrical people, authors, sporting men, gamblers and the temporarily em-

barrassed sons of rich men. He also numbered several Wall Street brokers among his clients.

At the time of his death his big safe was filled with diamonds and other valuable jewelry, gilt-edged bonds, orders for royalties guaranteed by responsible publishers; and a few notes endorsed by divers well-known persons. Apparently robbery was not the motive of the crime, for the niece who made the discovery found her uncle lying beside the open safe, with thousands of dollars' worth of pledges within easy reach and yet, so far as had been ascertained, nothing had been stolen. There was no signs of a struggle, the old man having clearly been struck down from behind before he had any idea of what was threatening him. The foregoing facts were sprinkled through the graphic story which the reporter on the assignment had spread himself upon, and after Bob finished it he turned to other news, for the murder had no special interest for him. He was reading the latest Washington news when the door opened and Jimmy Grimes stuck his head in, a habit with him, before following with the rest of his body.

"Come in, Jimmy, and take a seat," said Bob.

"And I'll bet he wouldn't do a t'ing," said Jimmy.

"I'm sorry to say you're right. I couldn't do anything with him."

"Aw, well, wot's de diff'rence?" said the newsboy, in a tone of resignation. "Me mudder'll have to stand de racket. When yer down, everybody kicks yer."

"Everybody, Jimmy?"

"Not youse, at any rate. You're a real gent, and I t'ank yer for doin' wot yer could."

"Since Mr. Simms won't help your mother out, I'll have to do it."

"You, boss?"

"Yes. I'm going to give your mother \$10 to pay the rent with, and then the agent will cancel the dispossess proceedings."

"Do yer mean dat?" cried the newsboy, jumping up.

"I certainly do, Jimmy. I'll go up to your rooms at half-past four with you and see if I can do anything else for your mother."

"Boss, you're a brick, and yer shan't regret it if I have to work me feet off to help pay yer back," said the boy earnestly.

"Don't worry about that, Jimmy. Ten or fifteen dollars won't break me, and I can't invest it better than in a good cause."

Jimmy was about to say something when the door opened and a stranger entered the office.

"Mr. Granger isn't in, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, he is. I'm Mr. Granger," replied Bob.

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated the visitor, eyeing him curiously.

"What can I do for you?"

"You buy stock on commission, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy, who had been moving uneasily on his seat, now got up.

"I'll be back at half-past four, boss," he said.

"All right, Jimmy."

The newsboy then walked out. The caller sat down in the chair he vacated.

"My name is Smith. I want you to buy me 5,000 shares of Idaho Copper stock. It's going at about \$10 a share. I haven't any money, but I'll put up ten \$1,000 first mortgage bonds of

the D. & G. road as security on the deal, which you will be at liberty to sell if the price should drop enough to wipe me out; but I am not afraid that it will," said the man.

"I can only accept your deposit at 70 per cent. of their face value," said the boy broker, taking the daily bond list out of a pigeon-hole of his desk and looking at it. "D. & G. first mortgage bonds are worth 102. The ten bonds, therefore, are worth \$10,200. I will accept them as a deposit of \$7,000."

"Very well," said the visitor, "that is fair enough."

Bob looked the bonds over and saw that they were all right and were made out in the name of Reginald Smith. He wrote the order for the purchase of the copper stock and asked his customer to sign it. He wrote out a second paper, which authorized him to sell the bonds if such a course were necessary to protect himself, and the man signed that, too. In signing the papers, Bob noticed that the man wore a peculiar snake ring on the little finger of his left hand. He wrote with that hand, which showed that he was left-handed.

"You will hold the stock subject to my order," said the customer.

"Certainly," replied Bob.

The visitor gave his full name as Reginald Smith, and his address as the Grand Union Hotel. He said he would call Monday, or the day after, and then took his leave.

"So I've got hold of a customer at last," said Bob to himself, as he made an entry in his account-book. "I wonder how that man came to patronize me? By accident, I suppose. I'll make a nice little commission out of this order, but I'll have to divide it with my friend, Broker Brown."

He put on his hat and went down on Broad street to see his friend Brown. He was shown into that gentleman's private room.

"I've got hold of a customer at last, Mr. Brown," said Bob, as he took a seat close to Brown's desk.

"Good!" laughed Brown. "You're coming on."

"His name is Smith."

"An excellent name to begin with, for the family is a numerous one and may be taken as an omen that some day you'll have numerous customers."

"I hope so. At any rate, my first order is a good one."

"That's encouraging."

"Five thousand shares of Idaho Copper."

"Very good, indeed. Who is this angel who appeared to you?"

"His name is Reginald Smith, and he is stopping at the Grand Union Hotel."

"He gave you a certified check, or money, I presume?"

"No. He put up ten \$1,000 D. & G. bonds as security."

"You didn't accept them at their face value, did you?"

"No. I took them on the basis of 70 per cent. Practically I loaned him \$7,000 on the bonds to put up on \$50,000 worth of stock."

Bob took the bonds out of his pocket and handed them to Broker Brown.

"I shall expect you to take them as security on the deal in the same way."

Brown looked at the bonds and saw that they were genuine. On the back of one of them was an indistinct impression in red of the coils of a snake. He showed it to Bob.

"That must have been made by the ring he wears on the little finger of his left hand," said Bob.

"He wears a snake ring, then?"

"Yes, with a large diamond imbedded in its head."

"Some persons have a taste for those kind of ornaments, but I never cared for such things," said Brown. "Well, I'll take these bonds on the same basis you did and get the stock your customer wants."

He made out a memorandum and handed it to Bob, who put it in his pocket and shortly afterward took his leave.

CHAPTER III.—Bob Visits Jimmy's Mother.

Jimmy Grimes turned up at half-past four, minus his bundle of papers. He had sold the greater part of them, and the rest he had turned over to one of his friends. Bob left the office with him, and they took their way to Pike street, a teeming East Side thoroughfare which ran from Division street to the river. Here there were blocks of big tenements, and into one of them Jimmy led Bob. No janitors were employed to keep these houses in order, each tenant in turn being expected to do his share of work in the halls and on the stairs. There were four families on a floor, and in Broker Simms' house they were all occupied by people who had a strenuous time in the battle of life. Jimmy proceeded up four dark, unsavory flights, and the boy broker followed close behind him, his inexperienced nose not relishing the combination of odors that held sway in the place. The newsboy paused before a door on the top floor on which was tacked a court order, notifying Mrs. Mary Grimes to appear at the district court and show cause why she should not forthwith be dispossessed of her apartments, which consisted of three rooms—two used for sleeping purposes, and the larger one as a combination kitchen, dining room and parlor.

"Dere; yer see dat?" said Jimmy, pointing to the notice.

Bob saw it, but owing to the gloom of the dimly lighted floor, he could not read the writing. However, he knew what it was.

"Take it down and carry it inside," said Bob. "Why didn't you remove it when you saw it this morning?"

"I was afraid to, boss."

"You needn't have been. It had served its purpose the moment it was put on the door, though if your mother intended to contest the case she would have had to take it to court with her."

The newsboy pushed the door open and admitted Bob into the living room of the Grimes' apartments.

"Who's there?" asked a voice of uncertain strength, in which the Irish accent was prominent, from the next room.

"Me muddle," said Jimmy.

"Sure, it's early ye've got home, ain't it?" said Mrs. Grimes.

"Don't yer worry 'bout dat. How are yer feelin'?"

"Better," said the woman. "But it's up in the air I am over that notice on the door and me here unable to lave me bed."

"Don't yer worry 'bout bein' put out, mudder. There ain't no danger of dat."

"Why not? Don't I know what that notice manes?"

"You're goin' to pay de rent."

"I am? Faith, where will I be after gettin' it? Do yez think I have a bank account?"

"No; but a friend of mine has money to help yer out."

"A friend of yours, is it?" replied the woman, almost sarcastically. "Sure I didn't know before that ye had wealthy fri'nds at yer back. Is it the prisidint of a bank or wan of thim trust magnates?"

"No, mudder; it's me friend, Bob Granger, a Wall Street broker."

"A Wall Street broker a fri'nd of yours! Arrah, what are ye talkin' about? Is it a fool ye take me for, Jimmy Grimes?"

Bob thought it was time for him to chip in, so he stepped to the door and said:

"Mrs. Grimes, I'm sorry to see you under the weather, though I've never met you before, but you're Jimmy's mother and that's enough to assure me that you're a deserving woman. So when I heard from Jimmy that you were goin' to be dispossessed because you couldn't pay your \$8 rent, why, I took the liberty of coming around here with your son for the purpose of helping you out."

Mrs. Grimes was nearly petrified with amazement. For some moments she couldn't find her tongue, then she managed to say:

"Is it dreamin' I am, or have ye really come to hilt me?"

"I have really come to prevent you from being turned out of your rooms, Mrs. Grimes, and to help you any other way I can," replied Bob.

"But sure ye look like a bye, and Jimmy said yez was a Wall Street broker."

"I am a broker, Mrs. Grimes, probably the youngest in the Street, so Jimmy didn't tell you an untruth."

"Is it possible! Faith I thought thim brokers were all min, so I did. It's kind of ye to think of wan like meself who is only a poor scrub-woman tryin' her bist to earn an honest livin' and pay me rint wid what me bye makes sellin' papers on the strate."

"Don't mention it, ma'am. I'm glad to be of service to you."

"Are yez now? Hivin be praised what a fine bye ye are!"

"Here is ten dollars, Mrs. Grimes. The two dollars extra will come in useful to you with what Jimmy picks up in the next few days."

"Thank ye kindly, sor. I'll pay it back whin I can."

"Don't worry about paying it back. I'll never miss it," said Bob.

"Sure, I must, sor. As long as I can work, I don't like to accipt charity."

"Very well. Suit yourself. Consider it a six months' loan, then."

"I can't thank ye enough," said the woman earnestly.

"If there's anything else I can do for you, I hope you will let me know."

After some further talk with Mrs. Grimes, Bob took his leave, followed by the scrub-woman's repeated blessings, and Jimmy went with him, though it was too late for him to return to Wall Street to resume selling papers. Bob left him at the corner with a crowd of his friends.

CHAPTER IV.—The Marks of the Snake Ring.

Bob walked into Division street and followed that thoroughfare to Chatham Square, where he ascended to the Third avenue station and got an express for the Bronx. Before boarding the car he bought a paper. As all the seats had been taken at City Hall station, where the train started from, Bob became a strap-hanger, holding on with one hand in the crowd while he held the newspaper under his nose with the other. There were more details about the murder in the Bronx, and Bob read them. The detectives had found a clue in the room where the money-lender had been killed, and this clue was the bloody imprint of a snake ring on a handkerchief thrown behind the desk. Another fact had apparently been elicited by the coroner when he viewed the body; he said the man who killed the money-lender was undoubtedly left-handed. These two items rather staggered Bob. They seemed to point directly at his first customer—the man who introduced himself as Reginald Smith.

The red imprint of the snake ring on the bond which Broker Brown had called his attention to recurred to the boy. That added a still stronger connection between Smith and the clue in the hands of the police.

"I wonder if it isn't my duty to notify the authorities of my suspicions concerning Smith?" he thought. "And yet if the man can prove a clear alibi, I will have put myself in a mighty bad light in his estimation."

Bob thought of little else on the way home than his customer's possible connection with the Bronx murder. He concluded to do nothing till he had talked with his friend, Broker Brown. When he got home he cut out the newspaper story and put the clipping in his pocket. Next day was Saturday, and Bob was downtown at his usual hour. He was reading the paper when Jimmy appeared.

"How is your mother this morning, Jimmy?"

"She's a lot better. I reckon dat she'll be up to-morrer. Dat ten plunks you gave her wuz as good as medicine."

"I'm glad to hear that, Jimmy."

"Me mudder tinks dere ain't nobody like yer, and youse kin bet dere ain't. I t'ought I'd come up and tell yer dat everyt'in' wuz goin' all right, and now I'll mosey and get down to business."

Jimmy picked up his papers and took his departure. Around ten, Bob called on Broker Brown, but that gentleman had just gone over to the Curb to buy the 5,000 shares of Idaho Copper for Bob. The boy broker followed him down there and saw him inside of the rope. There wasn't a whole lot doing on the market and the attendance was rather slim. After a little while Brown started back for his office, and then Bob hailed him.

"I've got the shares for you at \$9.95," said Brown.

"All right. I'd like to speak with you about something else."

"What is it?"

"Wait till we get to your office."

When they were closeted in the private room, Bob pulled out the clipping telling the additional facts connected with the Bronx murder. He had underscored certain words and called Mr. Brown's attention to them.

"Well, what about these things?"

"Don't you remember that you saw the imprint of a snake ring in red on one of those bonds I brought you yesterday?"

"I do."

"And I told you that my customer wore such a ring?"

"So you did."

"But I didn't tell you that he was left-handed, too."

"What are you trying to get at? Connect your customer with the murder?"

"What would you think under the circumstances? The police have found the bloody imprint of a snake ring on a handkerchief thrown behind the dead man's desk, and the coroner asserts that the man who committed the crime was left-handed. Well, my customer, who is left-handed I know because he signed the memorandums with his left hand, handed me ten bonds, on one of which we have found the imprint of a snake ring. As he sports a snake ring, the inference is that in some way he made that impression on the bond while the security was in his possession. Now, the important question is, Was that impression made in blood or red ink?"

"A strong magnifying glass would probably solve that," said the broker.

"The next question is, whether the impression left on the handkerchief is identical with that made on the bond—that is, was it made by the same ring?"

"That could be demonstrated by comparing the two."

"Have you still got the bonds?"

"Yes; they're in my safe."

"I've been giving the matter considerable thought, and I can't get the suspicion out of my mind that there is a real connection between the two marks. What I came to ask you is whether it is my duty to call the attention of the police to the facts I have stated? Suppose I do, and my customer turns out to be entirely innocent of any participation in the crime; won't it be natural for him to feel pretty sore against me?"

"Quite likely he would," nodded the broker.

"On the other hand, if he is guilty of the murder, I may defeat the ends of justice by withholding the facts that have come under my observation."

"That's true, too. You are in a predicament. Was there anything in the appearance of your customer that would lead you to believe him capable of such a crime?"

"I can't say that there was. He appeared to be quite respectable."

"Well, I think the circumstances justify you in communicating with the police. You had better take the marked bond to headquarters and have a talk with the chief of the detectives. Do that

right away, but do not give up the bond until a comparison of the marks have been made. If they are found to be identical, and the police insist on retaining the bond as evidence, be sure and get a receipt fully describing the bond for your own protection, for you have given your customer a receipt for the ten bonds, and you are responsible for them, just as I am responsible to you for the bonds," said Broker Brown.

He went to his safe and got out the marked bond. Then he wrote out a receipt descriptive of it and passed it over to Bob to sign, thus releasing him from any responsibility concerning it. Bob put the bond in his pocket and took a car uptown en route for the headquarters of the police department, then located at 300 Mulberry street. The young broker was admitted to the office of the chief of the detectives, and to him he told his story. The handkerchief with its bloody imprint and other things that were suspected to have some bearing on the murder were at headquarters, so the comparison of the two snake ring markings were made under a microscope and found to be the same.

"I shall have to retain that bond," said the chief.

"All right," said Bob. "Give me a proper receipt for it, fully identifying it, and you can keep it as long as you need it."

The chief called in his stenographer and Bob dictated the receipt, which was typewritten and afterward signed by the chief.

"Now," said the officer, "I shall want you to go over your story again so that it can be taken down in the form of a statement, which I shall require you to sign before a notary. This is a necessary precaution in the event that anything should happen to you before your testimony can be taken in court."

Bob had no objection, and the matter was put through. Having supplied the name and address of his customer, Bob was allowed to go, and he returned to Wall Street.

CHAPTER V.—A Tip on Copper.

That afternoon Reginald Smith was arrested, in the public room of the Grand Union Hotel. The arrest was made so quietly that those around were not aware of what had happened. He was taken to police headquarters and put through the third degree. All he could be made to admit was accidentally causing the impression of his snake ring to appear on the bond. His explanation was that he had cut his chin while shaving. The wound, though a trivial one, had for a time bled profusely. In some way the blood had got on the ring, and when shortly afterward he took the bonds out of the tin box in which he kept them, he had, without knowing it, left a slight mark of the ring on the back of one of the bonds. He noticed it afterward, but he did not consider the matter worth bothering about, so he made no effort to scratch it out. He denied positively that he had been at the house of the murdered man on the night of the murder, or, in fact, at any other time. He also denied that he had had any acquaintance whatever with the dead money-lender.

He accounted for the possession of the bonds

by the statement that he had purchased them in Chicago some months since, and had the broker's memorandum in his trunk to prove it. Although a stranger in New York, he said he was well known in Chicago, and referred not only to the broker from whom he claimed he had purchased the bonds, but to many other people of responsibility in Chicago. As for the ring, he said it had been made to order for him by a prominent Chicago jeweler, whose name he mentioned, and he was sure there was not another exactly like it in existence. He made this statement without having been told about the facsimile impression of the ring made in blood on the handkerchief in the possession of the police. The chief believed that he had trapped the man into an unconscious incrimination, though the fact had been printed in the papers, and he could easily have read about it, the same as Bob Granger did. The inference was that if he was the murderer he would naturally have read everything printed about the case in order to see what the police had found out, consequently he would be aware of the snake ring clue and would regard the ornament as too dangerous to retain in his possession. Instead of that, the ring still glittered on the little finger of his left hand, and he was quite frank in his avowal that he did not believe it had its duplicate. His arrest was printed in the Sunday morning papers and Bob saw it. The boy was not surprised, for he was looking for it to happen. The coroner had held the inquest on the dead money-lender and the verdict reached by the jury was that the old man had met his death at the hands of some person unknown, the said person being a left-handed man, who wore, or had worn at the time of the crime, a peculiar snake ring.

Whatever facts the police let out were printed in the Sunday papers, but they did not greatly enlighten the public. The prisoner was in the Tombs, held without bail, and his examination was postponed to await an investigation in Chicago, which the chief had requested the Windy City authorities to make. Reginald Smith secured a well-known lawyer, familiar with the criminal law, to defend him against the charge. Bob reached his office at his usual time. About ten o'clock the door opened and a gentleman of somewhat imposing personality walked in.

"Am I addressing Robert Granger?" he inquired, in full, mellow tones.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat."

"My name is George Stanwood, of the legal firm of Stanwood, Rixon & Sharpley, No. — Broadway."

Bob nodded.

"You have doubtless read about the arrest, on the charge of murder, of Reginald Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have been retained by Mr. Smith to look after his interests. He has informed me that on Friday he left an order with you for the purchase of 5,000 shares of Idaho Copper stock."

"That is right."

"He says that he intrusted you with ten \$1,000 bonds of the D. & G. Railroad Co. as security on the stock, which you accepted at a 70 per cent. valuation."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you bought the stock?"

"Yes, sir, at \$9.95 a share; and I am holding it subject to Mr. Smith's orders."

"Will you give me a memorandum to that effect?"

"Certainly."

Bob wrote it out and handed it to the lawyer.

"Thank you. Now, Mr. Granger, it appears that it was through the information and one of the bonds you furnished the police that Mr. Smith was arrested."

"I am sorry," said Bob, "but on discovering that the bond in question bore an impression in red of the curious ring worn by Mr. Smith, and the fact that he appeared to be left-handed, when taken in connection with the discoveries made by the police in the room where the money-lender was murdered, I deemed it my duty, after advising with a broker friend, and without any feeling against Mr. Smith, to call the facts to the attention of the police, leaving the authorities to pass on the matter."

"I presume you will be a witness in the case?"

"It is quite possible I will be called on to swear to the dealing that Mr. Smith had with me."

"Your action in the matter was wholly influenced by what you read in the newspapers, was it not?"

"It was."

"At the time you talked with the police you did not know that impression of the ring on the bond and that on the handkerchief were identical?"

"No, sir."

"But snake rings are common enough."

"I dare say they are, but when Mr. Smith proved to be left-handed, you must admit that the two facts appeared to have a bearing on each other."

"That is why you went to the police?"

"Yes, sir. I suppose Mr. Smith, if he is innocent, as I hope he is, will have no difficulty in establishing an alibi."

"There are circumstances which sometimes render it difficult for an innocent man to account, from a judicial point of view for a certain lapse of time. That is the case with Mr. Smith, though every reasonable circumstance is in his favor. However, I don't believe the police will be able to make a case against him. They have the authority to hold him as a suspect on the evidence they have secured until it is shown that the evidence is not strong enough to base an indictment on."

"In which case he will be discharged from custody?"

The lawyer nodded and got up. That closed the interview and the lawyer went away. Shortly afterward Bob put on his hat and went down to the curb. There he noted the fact that Idaho Copper was ruling at 10.10. Other stocks were looking up, too, which indicated that the market was recovering its tone. This was interesting to the boy, and he watched the course of matters for an hour to see if there was anything promising that he could get in on himself. During that time Idaho Copper went to 10.20. His customer was already over \$1,000 ahead on his deal. The office of the copper company was on the tenth floor of a big Wall Street office building, and Bob thought he'd run up there to see if he could pick up any news respecting the stock. The elevator

took him up to the floor. As he stepped out, a stout, well-dressed man stepped into the next elevator, which was going down. Bob, who was very observing, noticed that he wore a huge seal ring on the pudgy little finger of his right hand. On his way to the copper office Bob saw, lying in his path, a small pocketbook. He picked it up and, opening it, he saw a \$10 bill, various memoranda, and a card. He looked at the card to see if it would reveal the identity of the owner of the wallet. It bore the name of Harvey D. Willett, and in the lower left-hand corner the words, "Secretary, Idaho Copper Co." The address of the company was in the other corner. Bob turned it over, mechanically. There was writing on the other side. He read the following:

"Dear Faxon:

"The powers that be have decided to boom Idaho to 20, or higher, if it will respond. As it is now just below the \$10 line, I need hardly advise you to go the limit, for it's a sure winner."

"Yours,

H. D. W."

(Date here.)

Bob noticed that the date was that of the previous Thursday. There seemed to be no doubt about his having caught on to a gilt-edged tip.

CHAPTER VI.—Bob Makes a Big Haul.

Bob read the card over the second time. It seemed clear that a man named Faxon was the owner of the wallet. As the secretary of the Idaho Copper Co. was evidently a personal friend of Faxon, by handing the pocketbook over to him its return to the owner would be assured. But if Bob did that, it would show that he had looked at the name on the card, and Willett would surmise that he had come into possession of the information on the reverse side. Although the secretary probably would not question him on the subject, Bob preferred to avoid bringing the matter to his notice if he could do so. With that idea he examined the memoranda to see if he could find Faxon's business address. One of the documents proved to be a business card of Charles Faxon, insurance adjuster, No. — Pine street. Bob decided that was his man, and having no further interest in calling at the copper company's office, he put the wallet in his pocket and started for the Pine street address. It was a large, though not a skyscraper, office building. He asked the man in charge of the elevators on what floor Faxon's room was.

"Room 436, fourth floor," was the reply.

Bob went up and soon found the room. He walked in and asked a young lady at a typewriter if Mr. Faxon was in.

"He is."

"I'd like to see him."

"What name?"

"Robert Granger."

The girl knocked at a door and then entered a room. In a moment or two she came back and told Bob to go in. The boy did so and recognized at the desk the stout man with the seal ring on his little finger he had seen entering the down elevator in the Wall street building. It seemed

clear to Bob that Faxon had lost his wallet between the office of the Idaho Copper Co. and the elevator.

"Well, young man?" said Faxon inquiringly.

"You are Mr. Charles Faxon, insurance adjuster?" said Bob.

"Yes."

"You have lost your pocketbook, I believe?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Faxon, clapping his hand to his pocket.

Evidently Mr. Faxon was not yet aware of his loss. But his ignorance on that point was now of short duration.

"My gracious! so I have!" he exclaimed, in some trepidation, after feeling all his pockets hurriedly.

"I found a wallet on the tenth floor of the Mason Building. I looked into it and found your business card. From that fact I inferred it was yours. Was there any money in it?"

"Yes, yes, a \$10 bill and a lot of memoranda."

"The wallet is evidently yours, sir. Here it is."

Bob produced the article, which was immediately recognized by Faxon. He thanked Bob for returning it and offered him a \$5 bill, but the boy declined it.

"It is a pleasure to me to be able to return it to you, Mr. Faxon, and it is not necessary to pay me for doing so. Good day!"

Bob bowed and took his leave. He returned at once to his office, got \$5,000 of his money out of his safe, and went around to Brown's office. The broker was in.

"I've got another commission for you to fill for me," said Bob.

"Good! You're going some!"

"No. This is on my own account."

"Oh! Going to make a deal yourself?"

"Yes."

"What shall I do for you?"

"Buy me 5,000 Idaho Copper."

"Are you going in on that, too?"

"Yes. It's a winner."

"How do you know it is?"

"A little bird told me so," laughed Bob.

"I see. Somebody has been handing you a tip. You ought to be careful how you put confidence in such things."

"I'm willing to take chances on this one. I've brought you \$5,000 as a ten per cent. margin. After you have got the stock, I would advise you to take a flyer on it yourself. I don't think you will lose by it."

"I'm wary about investing on the strength of tips. There are plenty flying around, such as they are. If you are willing to back one with your good money, that is your business."

"I hope to make a good haul out of it."

"I hope you will. I see it is going up, but I don't imagine that it will get very far."

He put on his hat and they both went out together. Bob hung around the Curb for a while and tried to keep track of Idaho Copper. The price went to 10.50 and then came to a standstill. After lunch he returned to his office and watched the ticker until the Exchange closed for the day. Idaho Copper closed at 10.50. At half-past three Brown's messenger brought Bob a note, which informed him that Brown had secured the shares for an average price of 10.50.

"Well, if it goes to 20, as the secretary has an

idea it will, I shall make a considerable addition to my capital, and that will be very welcome, for \$6,000 is too little for me to do any real business with in the way of customers," thought Bob.

On Monday Idaho Copper made a rapid advance to nearly 21. Bob immediately sent word to Smith by messenger and asked for instructions. While awaiting a reply, Bob instructed Brown to sell his 5,000 shares of copper stock. Brown did so at 20 3-4. Smith sent word back to sell his shares at once and hold the money subject to his order. Bob handed the order over to Brown, and Smith's stock was sold. During the day Idaho Copper went to 22, and then began to fall back to 20, where it roosted for the rest of the day and the following one, after which it dropped to 18 and subsequently went lower. Bob cleaned up \$50,000 on the deal, while Smith made more than that.

"Well, what do you think of my tip now, Mr. Brown?" Bob said, when he collected what was coming to him and Smith.

"I have to admit that it was a good one," replied the broker. "Who gave it to you?"

"Nobody. I just got hold of it by accident."

"You heard some brokers talking about it, I suppose?"

"No, I didn't. I found it."

"Found it?"

"Yes," and then Bob told him about the pocket-book incident.

"You were lucky. Such a thing wouldn't happen twice in a thousand years."

"That's right. And Smith has made \$53,000 out of the stock. Do you know, I think he was tipped off by somebody to get in on it."

"What makes you think he was?"

"The confident way in which he made the deal, and the fact that he held on for almost the last dollar."

"That might be so. I have heard that he hasn't been brought up for examination yet."

"He hasn't. The police are looking for further evidence against him."

"I think they have enough to hold him on."

"Probably they have, but if they can weave a stronger net around him they will feel more confident of securing an indictment from the grand jury."

Bob left Brown's office, stopped at the bank on his way and collected \$103,000 in \$1,000 bills, and then went to a Wall street safe-deposit vault where he hired a box and stowed away all but \$5,000 of the money, together with the bonds. Then he went on to his office, made out a statement for Smith, showing that his profit on the Idaho Copper deal amounted to \$53,000 in round numbers, after interest charges and commission had been deducted. He inclosed the statement, with a note in which he told Smith that his money and nine of the ten bonds were in his safe-deposit box. The other bond, the one with the red mark of the ring, was in the hands of the police, and Bob said he held a receipt for it, so there was no danger that it would be lost to him. Bob sent the letter by messenger, as before and Smith duly received it after it had passed through the hands of the police, and Bob said he held a receipt for it, so there was no danger that it would be lost to him. Bob sent the letter by messenger,

as before, and Smith duly received it after it had passed through the hands of the warden of the Tombs.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Hires Jimmy as Office Boy.

With a capital of \$36,000 to draw upon, Bob felt confident of getting on. As he was out about half the time, he decided that he ought to have a boy to attend to any visitor who might call. He was liable to hear from Smith at any time, and it would not look good for his messenger to have to report that he had found Granger's office shut up. He concluded to offer the position to Jimmy Grimes. He didn't believe that the youth made over \$5 a week selling papers, if he made that much, and he was willing to pay Jimmy \$5 for his services. In any case, it would be an advance in life for the boy. He could thoroughly depend on the newsboy, and he knew that Jimmy would run his feet off for him, if that were necessary. Jimmy generally brought Bob's paper a little after three. He turned up that day at twenty minutes past the hour.

"Sit down, Jimmy," said Bob.

The boy did so, holding his papers on his lap. Bob looked at him critically and saw that his face and hands were dirty, as usual; that his hat had a big hole in it and that his clothes were as disreputable as ever, while his shoes were broken and showed a glimpse of his dirty stockings.

"Jimmy, aren't you tired of selling papers?" asked the young broker.

"I dunno. It ain't so bad," replied the lad.

"How much do you earn at it?"

"Some days I make a whole plunk; but generally less."

"Five dollars a week would be a fair average, I suppose?"

"Yep, I guess so."

"Wouldn't you like to do something better than selling papers?"

"Wot cud I do?"

"How would you like to be a Wall Street office boy?"

"Fust-rate," exclaimed the lad, his eyes sparkling. "but dere ain't no chance of dat for me."

"Yes, there is. I want a boy to look after my office when I'm out, and carry messages and run errands for me. How would you like the position? I'll give you \$5 a week. It will be a steady job, with the prospect of rising in the world."

"Do yer mean dat, boss?"

"Certainly I do, or I wouldn't make you the offer. I've got to have a boy, and as I know you and like you, I'd sooner hire you than a stranger."

"I'll take it!" cried Jimmy, feeling as if he would like to turn a hand-spring from very joy.

To become office boy to a broker was something he had eagerly coveted, but his wildest dreams never suggested that such a thing was possible of attainment for him. Suddenly his face dropped.

"I can't take it, boss," he said ruefully. "I ain't got no clothes. I couldn't work here lookin' like dis. I'd disgrace yer, and I wouldn't make you look cheap for not'in'."

"Is that your only objection?" asked Bob.

"Ain't dat enough?"

"You can get a good cheap suit on Division

street, with collars, shoes, a hat, and everything else you need."

"I know dat, but I ain't got no money to blow meself to dem t'ings."

"I'll furnish the money."

"Will yer?" cried Jimmy eagerly. "Yer kin take it out'r me wages."

"Very well. I'll make out a list of what you are to buy, including a small, cheap trunk to keep your extra things in. I'll give you \$20 to invest, and you had better take your mother with you, and she'll see that you get your money's worth. You can repay the amount at the rate of fifty cents a week. How will that suit you?"

"Fine!" cried the boy, delighted beyond measure.

"All right. I'll be here until half-past four. Come up at that hour and I'll hand you the money."

"When do I go to work?"

"To-morrow morning. You can get yourself in shape by then, can't you?"

"Sure I kin. When do I show up?"

"Your office hours will be from nine till half-past three or four, but, of course, if I need you later you'll have to stay."

"I'll stay as long as yer want, boss."

"You needn't come before ten to-morrow. Then I'll give you the key and you can let yourself in after that."

Jimmy left the office, promising to be on hand at half-past four. He rushed from the office building with a wild whoop. Inside of fifteen minutes every one of Jimmy's newsboy cronies had heard he was engaged as a broker's office boy. Promptly at half-past four Jimmy, after turning over the few unsold copies of his papers to a chum, appeared at Bob's office.

"Now, Jimmy," said Bob, "here is the list of things which you can add to if you want. That you are to buy, and here are four \$5 bills. I'll put them in this envelope and seal it up. What time does your mother get home from her work?"

"'Bout seven o'clock."

"Well, hand her that envelope and tell her that you are going to work for me at \$5 a week, beginning to-morrow. Tell her to go out with you, after supper, and fit you out with the money."

"All right, boss."

"Report at ten or a little before, in the morning."

"I'll do dat, you kin bet."

"I'll expect to see you looking like a new boy."

"Gosh! dem clothes'll make a new boy of me. I won't know meself in the glass. Me mudder'll t'ink dat she's got a young gent in de family."

"I guess she won't have any objection to you working for me."

"I bet yer she won't. She'll t'ink youse is de finest feller dat walks."

"Now be careful of that envelope till you get home. Here's a pin. Attach it to your inside pocket."

Jimmy did so, then Bob dismissed him and soon afterward went home.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Shearing of a Widow.

Bob reached his office at half-past nine next morning. Several letters were on the floor, left

by the postman on his first round. One was from Smith, acknowledging the receipt of Bob's note and statement, and expressing his satisfaction at the amount of his profit. He said that he expected to be released from the Tombs on bail shortly. He was not guilty of the crime he was charged with, and knew no more about it than the man in the moon. The thing that puzzled him was the fact that a duplicate of his ring existed. He had supposed that his was the only one made.

His arrangement with the jeweler in Chicago was that no copy of the ring, which was his own design, should be made for any one else, or put on sale. His lawyers were investigating the matter, and hoped to find out if the jeweler had gone back on his agreement. In conclusion, he said that he entertained no hard feelings against Bob for the action he had taken which led to his arrest and detention, as the boy's course had been justifiable under the circumstances. The other letters were from out-of-town people, one of whom inclosed a draft of \$100 for the purchase of shares of a certain mining stock on margin. This was Bob's second customer, and he entered his name on his books. The young Curb broker then took up a Wall Street daily and was reading it when the door opened and in walked Jimmy Grimes—a transformed boy. Bob hardly recognized him, so vastly improved was he, with a clean face and hands and a new suit of clothes, with shirt, tie, collar, hat and shoes to match.

"Mornin', boss! How do I look?" said Jimmy, a bit shy.

"Upon my word, Jimmy, you look fine!" said Bob, with an encouraging smile.

"Dat's wot me mudder says. She's dat proud of me dat she made a bow to me. We ain't got no glass big enough for me to see meself in, 'ceptin' me face, so I cudn't see how I looked till I struck a show winder on Division street. I could see me outline in dat. Gosh! I was dat astonished dat I nearly dropped dead."

"Did you meet any of your friends in your new suit?"

"Yep. I seen two of dem, but dey didn't know me, and I didn't let on," grinned the ex-newsboy.

"Well, Jimmy, I've got an errand for you. Take this letter down to William Brown, No. — Broad street. I guess you'll find the place all right."

"Leave dat to me, boss."

Jimmy departed and Bob went on reading. He noticed that the Esmeralda mine was reporting good results, and he saw that the stock had gone up ten cents. It was ruling on the Curb at 70 cents. An hour later he called on Brown and left an order for any part of 10,000 shares, to be paid for on receipt of the certificates. That afternoon he also bought 10,000 Jumbo Extension, at 28. Jimmy was the envy of the other newsboys when they recognized him in his new togs.

"Ye're a reg'lar dude, Jimmy," said one. "I reckon dat we ought to take off our hats to yer."

"Aw, cut it out!" retorted Jimmy. "I'm jest de same chap I always was. Yer don't see me puttin' on airs, do yer, Patsy O'Day?"

The boys admitted that they couldn't find any fault with him, but still he didn't seem to be the same Jimmy. At any rate, he wasn't one of them any longer, for which they were sorry, as they always considered him a good fellow. Although

Jimmy treated them with his old-time friendliness, he felt that it wouldn't do for him to maintain the old standing with them. He was no longer a newsboy, but a broker's office boy, and Bob had told him he must acquire a certain amount of dignity befitting his improved condition. When Jimmy turned into Pike Street that afternoon he felt a bit uneasy concerning the reception he would get from his gang. He forgot that the gang didn't show up numerically until after six, as many of them worked in foundries, printing houses and other shops. He hurried down to the tenement without encountering any of his friends, though plenty of youngsters who knew him well were playing on the street, but they did not recognize him in his new clothes.

Jimmy was sitting in his chair when Bob entered the office next morning.

"Good mornin', Mr. Granger!" he said.

"Good morning, Jimmy," said Bob, taking off his hat and then opening his desk. "Do you feel lonesome away from your newsboy friends?"

"No, sir. I ain't got no kick comin'."

"Did you create a sensation in Pike street when you got home yesterday?" smiled Bob.

"Nobody but Mike Brady seen me in me new clothes, and he nearly had a fit. I told de gang dat I had a new soot, and dat I wuz workin' for a broker, and dey t'ought I wuz t'rowin' a bluff till I said dat it wuz a fact, and took a couple of dem upstairs and showed dem me t'ings; den dey believed me. Dey're all jealous of me now 'cause I've got such a fine job."

Among the letters that came in the mail that morning was one in a lady's handwriting, postmarked from a large town up the State. The writer said she had seen his advertisement in a certain New York evening paper, and took the liberty of asking him to do her a favor.

"I'm a widow, with a son and daughter, and we were in good circumstances until my husband died a few months ago. He had invested nearly all of his money in a mining stock called the Hiawatha, at the suggestion of a New York broker with whom he was on friendly terms, and who assured him that the stock would more than double in value within a few months. Having great confidence in the broker, he left the certificates in his charge, with directions to sell the stock when he thought it would be most advantageous to do so. After my husband's death I wrote to the broker about the stock, but received no answer from him. Recently, feeling the need of the money, I wrote to him again. I received a reply in which he informed me that the Hiawatha mine proved a failure and that the stock is of no value at all. This news was a great shock to me, and I did not know what to do. A friend, however, advised me to send for the stock on the chance that some day the mine might turn out not to be utterly worthless. He said that, to use his expression, 'dead mines sometimes come back to life.' So I wrote to the broker and asked him to send me the stock. He wrote back, saying that he had been compelled to sell the stock at ten cents a share just before the mine failed to repay himself for money he had loaned my husband. I remembered then that my husband had borrowed \$500 from the broker, but as my husband paid \$1 a share for 5,000 shares of the stock, it seems strange to me that

the broker could only get ten cents a share for it, or just the amount my husband owed him. Will you kindly tell me if the Hiawatha mine proved a failure, as the broker wrote me? By doing so you will do me a great favor."

"Respectfully yours,

"MRS. EDWIN GAGE."

As Bob knew that the Hiawatha mine, instead of being a failure was a great success, and was paying a regular quarterly dividend of five cents a share, while its quoted price on the Curb was about \$4 a share, the contents of the letter much surprised him.

"It doesn't seem probable that any real broker would be implicated in such a skin as this appears to be," he thought. "I will write her the true facts concerning Hiawatha, and ask the lady to send me the name and address of the alleged broker, offering to see what I can do for her."

Accordingly, Bob wrote the letter and mailed it when he went out. That afternoon Jumbo Extension took a jump to 33 cents, and as Bob hardly expected it would go much higher, he sold the stock, clearing a profit of \$500. Esmeralda also went up five cents a share, but he decided to hold on for a higher price, believing it would go to 88, which was the figure it sold at two weeks before. Several days passed and it went up to 90 cents. On the following morning, while Bob was at his desk, the door opened and a boy, neatly dressed, with a pleasing face, came in.

"I called to see Mr. Granger," he said.

"That's my name. Take a seat," said Bob.

The boy regarded him with some interest.

"You are a broker?" he said.

"I am."

"My name is George Gage. I called with reference to a letter you wrote to my mother in answer to one from her."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Gage. If I can be of any service to your mother in the matter she spoke about, let me know. The case, as she outlined it in her letter, has the look of a swindle, because Hiawatha never sold for less than 25 cents a share. That was when it was put on the market. After it reached the dollar figure the record shows that it never sold lower, but has steadily advanced, as dividends were declared, until now it is ruling at"—here Bob looked at the latest Curb quotations—" \$4.10 a share. I feel sure that the person who sold your father the stock could not have been a broker, for no broker would try to work such a squeeze game."

"I have brought his letters with me," said the visitor. "They have his name, business, and address printed on them."

The caller handed one of them to Bob. He looked at the printed heading and gave a gasp. It read: "Andrew Simms, stock broker, No. — Broadway, New York," and the letter was signed, presumably, by that gentleman.

"Well, Mr. Gage, the man is a broker, all right, but I know him. What are you going to do with him and demand justice for your mother?"

"Yes."

"That's right. After you have seen him, come in and let me know how things came out between you."

"I will. I think I will call on him right away."

"I would," nodded Bob.

Promising to return, George Gage left the office. Ten minutes later Broker Brown phoned Bob to call at his office. Bob put on his hat and started for Brown's office. After a ten-minute talk with the broker, Bob started back. He noticed a gathering crowd near the corner of Exchange place. He pushed into it to see what was the matter. To his surprise he saw George Gage facing Broker Simms with a flushed face and excited manner. The boy was denouncing the trader as a swindler and a cheat. Simms, purple with rage, jumped at Gage and knocked him down. Bob, who had no great respect for Simms anyway, felt a thrill of indignation at the trader's action.

"That's enough from you, Mr. Simms!" cried Bob, stepping forward quickly and shoving the palm of his hand against the broker's face, forcing him violently backward. "Get away, now, or I'll be tempted to knock the daylights out of you!"

CHAPTER IX.—Bob Adjusts a Delicate Business.

Bob's action created fresh excitement, and the crowd grew denser. When Broker Simms recovered from the shock which his face and dignity had suffered, he glared savagely at the boy broker. There was an aggressive air about Bob that restrained him from attempting to treat him as he had treated the widow's son. George Gage was not a strong lad, and the terrific blow he got from Simms had hurt him so much that he was compelled to seat himself on the edge of the curb till he recovered from it.

"How dare you strike me, Bob Granger!" cried Simms furiously. "I'll have you arrested."

"Go on and do it, you big coward!" retorted Bob.

"What right have you to interfere?" snarled the trader.

"When I see a big man like you smash a boy like Gage in the face in such a savage way, I think it's time for an outsider to chip in. At any rate, I happen to know that the laying out the boy gave you was no more than you deserve. I have seen a letter signed by you that proves it. You have swindled his mother out of five thousand shares of Hiawatha stock, but if I have anything to say about it you'll come up with the full price and the dividends you have received on it, which rightfully belong to her."

"You're a liar!" hissed Simms.

"Look here, Mr. Simms, I don't allow anybody to call me a liar. If you utter that word again I'll pound you till you yell for mercy, even if I am arrested for doing it."

"Here! What's the trouble?" asked a Wall Street detective, coming to the front.

"The trouble is, that broker knocked that lad down because the boy told him some unpleasant truths," said Bob. "I jumped in and pushed him back with the flat of my hand. If I had used my fist instead, I wouldn't have handed him any more than he deserved."

"What have you to say about it, Mr. Simms?" asked the detective.

"I want this fellow arrested for assault," said the angry trader.

"And I want that man arrested for knocking me down," said George Gage, coming forward. "If I can find a policeman, I'm going to have him taken in."

"That's right," said Bob. "I'm a witness of the assault, and many of these people saw it, too."

"I saw him strike the boy," volunteered a bystander.

"So did I," said another. "It was a cowardly blow."

"I'm an officer," said the detective. "I think the three of you had better come to the station with me unless you're willing to compromise the matter among yourselves."

"I won't compromise," said Gage. "If you're an officer, I demand that you arrest that broker. He's a swindler, anyway, and I will see that my mother prosecutes him in court for cheating her out of over \$20,000 worth of mining stock."

Simms began to realize that matters were getting decidedly hot for him. He saw several brokers in the crowd who knew him, and the charge made against him by George Gage, which he knew to be true, would hurt his reputation. He realized that he must compromise.

"Come to my office, young man," he said hoarsely, "and I will fix this matter up with you."

"You won't fix anything up with me," said Gage. "You'll answer to my mother for your swindle. But I'm going to have you punished for knocking me down. If this officer won't arrest you, I'll go before a judge and get a warrant out and have you hauled into court."

"Do you want this young man arrested for assault?" the detective asked the broker, laying his hand on Bob's arm.

"Let him go," said Simms, clearly all up in the air. "Come to my office, Gage, and let us settle this unpleasantness."

The boy was about to make another hot refusal at compromise, when Bob said:

"Better take him up, Gage. I'll go with you and back you up, if you wish me to."

"Very well," acquiesced the boy.

"I won't have you in my office, Bob Granger!" roared Simms. "You have nothing to do with this matter."

"This lad's mother wrote me a letter about that Hiawatha stock; Mr. Simms, and I know considerably about it. If Gage wishes me to accompany him, you'll have to consent to my presence, otherwise he'll probably prosecute you for unprovoked assault. You're bound to be convicted of it, for I will swear I saw you hit him. Your name will get into the papers, and with it will come out the history of the Hiawatha matter. If you think you can stand that, go ahead. It is my opinion that you will be thrown out of the Curb Exchange for actions unbecoming an honest broker."

Simms became furious under Bob's words and raised his fist to strike him, but the detective interfered. At that juncture a uniformed policeman appeared. Simms saw him and the sight didn't add to his feelings. To avoid arrest himself, he suddenly agreed that Bob could be present in his office, and accordingly the three made their way there, accompanied to the entrance of

the building by the detective, while the policeman busied himself dispersing the crowd.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" growled Broker Simms, when he had seated himself at his desk, addressing George Gage.

"I want the 5,000 shares of Hiawatha mining stock that you purchased for my father before his death, and for which he paid you \$5,000," said Gage.

"Suppose I haven't got them? Your father owed me \$500. I had to recoup myself out of the stock," replied the broker.

"We admit the debt, but you wrote my mother that you sold the stock for ten cents a share, which sum just covered the \$500 owing you. Now we have been informed by this broker," nodding at Bob, "that the stock was never lower than a quarter a share, and that after it reached the price which my father paid for it, it was never sold for less than \$1. That shows you lied to my mother when you wrote her that you only got ten cents a share. At any rate, you had no legal right to sell the stock without an order from my mother, and without first demanding the payment of the sum due you," said Gage.

Simms glared at Bob, then he said:

"Have you got my letter containing the fact you have stated?"

"I have," replied Gage.

"Let me see it," said Simms.

The boy produced it. The broker looked it over.

"That is an error on the part of my stenographer," he said blandly.

"Oh, it was! What did you intend to say, then?" said Gage.

"I can't recall now, but I judge that I dictated one dollar in place of ten cents, or it might have been one dollar and ten cents. I will have my bookkeeper look the figure up, and if you call after three I guess we can fix the matter up to your mother's satisfaction."

"Then you sold the Hiawatha stock for a dollar, or a dollar and ten cents, or whatever price the market stood at when you made the sale?" said Bob.

"I am not answering any questions from you, Bob Granger!" replied Simms tartly. "You have no authority to interfere."

"Yes, he has," said Gage. "My mother told me to put the matter in his hands, but I thought I'd see you first about it. Now I draw out. You will settle this matter with Mr. Granger. He understands the ins and outs of the stock market and I don't. I judge that it would be more to my mother's interest to pay to have the thing settled properly than try to do it myself, especially after the way you treated me on the street."

"You forget that you insulted me. Had you called at my office——"

"I did call at your office and was told I should find you at the Curb Exchange. I was going there when I heard a man call you Mr. Simms. Then I stepped up and asked you if you were Broker Simms, of No. — Broad street. You admitted you were. I proceeded to state my business, but you interrupted me and declined to have anything to say to me. You might have avoided the trouble by taking me to your office

yourself. The way you treated me made me mad, and I said things that caused the row."

"Well, I don't care to deal with Granger."

"All right, then I will have Mr. Granger investigate the matter and my mother will sue you for her rights."

"You are foolish to put your business in the hands of a boy who is only learning the brokerage business. Six months ago he was a broker's messenger."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Simms, I have done pretty well at the business," said Bob. "If Gage has any doubts about my ability to bring the matter to a successful conclusion I shall take him down to Broker William Brown. He will guarantee me, and if that isn't enough will take charge of the case himself."

"What do you propose to do if you act for Mrs. Gage?" asked Simms.

"The first thing I shall want from you is a statement of the sale of the Hiawatha stock in full. The price you claim you sold it for, the person to whom you sold it, and the date of the transaction," replied Bob. "I shall also want to see your authority for selling it."

"I have Mr. Gage's written order to sell the stock whenever, in my judgment, I thought it advisable to dispose of it," said Simms.

"Very well, if you have that, it may save you from certain unpleasant contingencies, but as you told Mr. Gage that the stock would double in value within a few months he did not expect you to sell the shares under \$2."

"I made no such statement to Mr. Gage."

"Mrs. Gage says you did. However, we will not discuss that. Perhaps you will explain why you wrote to Mrs. Gage the information that the Hiawatha mine had failed? You know that the mine never was in danger of becoming a dead one."

"I don't remember writing such a thing."

"You have a letter, Mr. Gage, signed by Mr. Simms, to that effect, haven't you?" said Bob.

"Yes. Here it is."

"You are at liberty to read it over, Mr. Simms, and see what you evidently did say to Mrs. Gage," said Bob.

The broker read it and looked uneasy. When he wrote the various letters to the widow, it was probable he never expected them to turn up in judgment against him; but Mrs. Gage had prudently preserved them all.

"I must have been thinking of some other mine at the time," he said lamely.

"I dare say," said Bob sarcastically. "Then when you wrote that letter you were under the impression that it was some other mine and not the Hiawatha that Mrs. Gage was interested in?"

Simms made no reply.

"Mr. Simms, isn't it a fact that you never sold the Hiawatha stock, but have it in your possession now?" said Bob.

"No, it isn't," said Simms sourly.

"Well, it's easy to find out by the transfer books of the Hiawatha office in this city. If the stock is not in Gage's name or your own, then, of course, you sold it to a third party. If it's in your name, it will be clear that you bought it in as a good thing to have. I shall expect your statement at three o'clock. Here is my card."

"I'd prefer to settle the matter now," said Simms.

"Very well. Mrs. Gage will settle with you for the full market value of the stock at this moment—say, \$4.10, plus all dividends which you must have collected, less \$500 and your commission, and a reasonable percentage for collecting the dividends."

"Do you want to rob me?" snarled the broker.

"Not at all. All the lady wants is what she is entitled to."

"I'll pay her \$10,000 in full for all demands."

"No, you won't. I have ascertained that two dividends of five cents a share have already been declared, that of itself amounts to \$500. On the whole, I guess the lady would prefer to have a dividend-paying stock to the market price. The chances are it will continue to pay dividends. I don't believe that 5,000 shares of Hiawatha could be bought for \$4.10; more likely \$4.25; so I think you had better turn the stock over to Mrs. Gage. If you haven't got it, you'll have to buy it. The two dividends she has lost will pay your original demand on her late husband. Any balance will be paid to you. If you decline this proposal I shall advise the lady to sue you for the stock. Your letters, if produced in court, would rather hurt your reputation. What do you say?"

"I'll turn over the stock with a statement!" almost hissed Simms.

"Very well. Send the certificates to my office and anything rightfully due you will be settled. Come on, Mr. Gage. We will take our leave," and the two boys did, leaving the broker pretty badly demoralized over his setback, which had been forced upon him by Bob's coolness and resolution.

CHAPTER X.—Reginald Smith Admitted to Bail.

George Gage was tickled to death over the successful end of his mission to New York, and he gave Bob full credit for bringing Broker Simms to terms.

"I never could have made him come up the way you did, Mr. Granger," he said, when they were seated in Bob's office. "That stock appears to be worth over \$20,000. We'll be rich. Mother had no idea of getting back more than the original \$5,000 my father invested in it, and wasn't at all sure that she would get even that. We are under great obligations to you, Mr. Granger, and you shall be well paid for your services."

"What I have done for your mother I volunteered to do without stipulating any particular remuneration," said Bob. "I really couldn't set any price on it, for it hasn't taken much of my time."

"I think \$1,000 would be about fair," said Gage.

"Nonsense! You mean \$100."

"No, I don't. What you have done for us is worth a good many thousand dollars. I will certainly advise my mother to pay you that on receipt of the stock," said the boy earnestly. "And you have earned our gratitude besides. That man thought he had cheated us out of the stock. He figured that as we are living several hundred miles up the State that he could pull the wool over my mother's eyes and get away with the goods. You showed him that he couldn't, and now we are four times better off than we expected to be."

At half-past twelve Bob invited George Gage to take lunch with him, and the visitor accepted, after which he went uptown to the Broadway Central Hotel, where he was stopping. That afternoon Broker Simms brought the 5,000 shares of Hiawatha mining stock to Bob's office with his statement. He was not in a pleasant humor, for he felt that the boy broker had been too sharp for him. He thirsted for revenge and hoped to get it some day in the near future. Bob went over the statement with him and made him cut out a couple of items which were clearly overcharges. He had down his commission of \$625 for the original purchase of the shares. Bob doubted if this was really due him, but could not successfully dispute it. Simms claimed interest on the \$500 for a year, and Bob allowed it at current rates. He admitted the collection of two dividends, amounting to \$500, and Bob said that Mrs. Gage was entitled to interest on that, but he'd let it go, as it was a small matter. In the end Simms agreed to take \$675 in full for what was due him. Bob paid him that and took his receipt. Broker Simms then went away without saying good-by. That day Esmeralda closed at \$1, which gave Bob a prospective profit of \$3,000 on the deal. He made no effort to sell at that figure. Next day, when George Gage appeared at the office, Bob showed him the stock.

"I settled with Simms for \$675 and there is his receipt in full for the money. I shall take these certificates over to the transfer office of the Hiawatha mine and have them put in your mother's name. Her address will be entered on the books, and the next dividend will be mailed to her by the company. In the meantime you had better go home and take this statement with you. Your mother can send me a bank draft for the \$675, plus any sum she thinks my services are worth to her. Then I'll send the certificates to her by express. Or if she wants to dispose of any of the stock I will sell it for her at the market price, which will probably be above \$4 a share."

"All right," said Gage. "I'll take the afternoon express and you will hear from my mother in a few days."

Gage then invited Bob to lunch with him, and the boy broker accepted. After the meal they parted the best of friends. That afternoon Bob dropped in at Brown's office. He told the broker about the Hiawatha mine incident.

"I know Simms is a foxy trader, but I never suspected him capable of working such a trick as that," said Brown.

"Well, you see he is. I guess I broke his heart when I pinned him in a corner. I dare say he hates me like poison," laughed Bob.

"You'd better look out for him. He may try to work some trick off on you to get square. That's the kind of man he is," said Brown.

"What trick can he play? I have no dealings with him."

"There are more ways than one of killing a cat. He has done up several brokers, to my knowledge. He won't approach you direct, in case he tries to get you. He has friends who are not above doing his dirty work, and he returns the favor in kind. These facts are an open secret, though nothing has been proved against the bunch."

"I'll watch out for anything that savors of a job."

"The trouble is, you won't be able to spot the trick if any is worked on you. It may fail, but it will be because you don't take to it. But enough of Simms. Do you want to get in on a good thing?"

"Sure I do. We're all looking for a good thing in Wall Street, but it isn't often we catch on to the opportunity."

"I was tipped off to buy American Writing Paper preferred. I'm in on 1,000 shares. You've got money enough to match me. I advise you to do it. It is going to take on a rise."

"Buy me 1,000 shares, then. I'll go out and get you the money. What is it going at?"

"Twenty-three."

"All right. That will be \$23,000."

"You can fetch the money around any time to-morrow, or wait till I notify you that the shares are ready for you."

"I'll bring the money in to-morrow."

"I see you are \$3,000 ahead on your Esmeralda deal."

"Yes. How high do you think it might go?"

"Haven't the least idea. It may go to \$1.25. It's a pretty safe stock."

They talked a while longer, and then Bob returned to his own office. Brown bought the stock for Bob and delivered it inside of three days. By that time it had gone up \$3 a share. About this time Bob got a letter from Mrs. Gage. She expressed her gratitude toward him for his successful efforts in bringing Broker Simms to terms. She said she was surprised to learn that the Hiawatha stock was so valuable. Its present market value made them feel quite well off again. She said she'd like Bob to hold the certificates in his safe deposit box. He could send her his receipt for them. She inclosed a draft for \$1,675, the \$1,000 being her estimation of what she considered he was entitled to for his valuable efforts in her behalf. In conclusion, she said that she thought it likely that she and her children would shortly move to Brooklyn, where she had lived before her marriage. Although Bob felt that he had been an important factor in getting the Widow Gage a square deal with Broker Simms, still he thought that \$1,000 was altogether too much pay for his services. It looked like the retaining fee of some noted lawyer."

"Any reputable broker would have done as much for her as I did, and I am sure would not have expected so munificent a reward," he thought.

After thinking the matter over, he decided to accept only half of the money. He bought a draft for \$500 on the town bank where the widow lived and inclosed it in a letter containing his thanks for her present, only half of which, he told her, he believed he was entitled to, and his promise to hold her certificates in his safe deposit box as long as she wished him to. He also sent a receipt for the certificates, fully describing them. Next day he was subpoenaed to appear at the examination of Reginald Smith. When the prisoner was called to the bar, he pleaded not guilty.

The only witnesses against him were Bob and the police. The only thing that really connected

him with the murder was the two impressions, both made in blood, of the snake ring. In his own defense he explained the cause of the ring impression on the bond, exactly as he told it in his "third degree" examination at headquarters. He was utterly unable to say how the bloody impression of what appeared to be the same ring had come upon the pocket handkerchief found at the scene of the crime. His lawyer then presented a bunch of affidavits from various people in Chicago. The majority referred to Smith as a man of excellent character and integrity. That the ten bonds were his property was proved by two facts—an affidavit from the broker who sold them to him, and the sworn statement of the accountant who had been called in to examine the dead money-lender's books and see if any of the articles pledged on loans were missing.

The statement of the jeweler who made the ring for Smith under a guarantee not to reproduce it under any circumstances was not presented by the lawyer because he said he had kept his word and had not made a duplicate. As Smith and his lawyers were satisfied that a second one had been made, presumably without the knowledge of the jeweler, a detective had been assigned to the job of following up the record of the workman who made the original ring. The clerk of the Grand Central Hotel swore that Smith asked for the key of his room at half-past ten on the night that the murder had taken place, presumably to retire for the night. The elevator boy swore that he had taken Smith up to his corridor and had not seen him again until he came on duty next day. A bellboy swore that he had answered a call from Smith at eleven and found him partly undressed. From that hour until eight next morning Smith swore he was in bed and asleep. The police could not show that he wasn't. At the close of the proceedings, Lawyer Stanwood asked for the discharge of his client, on the grounds that the only evidence against him was the purely circumstantial fact of the impression of the snake ring, admittedly a facsimile of the one worn by Smith, on the handkerchief at the scene of the crime. A representative of the district attorney's office opposed the motion. The magistrate said he would hold the prisoner and admit him to bail in the sum of \$5,000. This was immediately furnished and Smith was released. Bob was glad that Smith was let out of jail, for it argued well for his innocence, and he had a regard for the man as his first customer. The outlook was cheerful for Smith, because unless the police got hold of new and tangible evidence against him, the grand jury would never indict him. If they didn't do this within a reasonable time, Smith's lawyers would go before the magistrate and ask for his discharge, and their request would be granted.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob a Big Winner in L. & M.

Roginald Smith called on Bob that afternoon and received his money and the nine bonds, together with a copy of the police receipt for the tenth one. He was very affable to the boy, and promised to trade with him when he made another deal.

"Say, Mr. Granger, do yer t'ink dat Smit' had

a hand in dat murder?" asked Jimmy, after the man accused of the crime had gone away.

The boy had been deeply interested in the murder ever since he learned that his friend Bob Granger was mixed up in it as a witness, and he had read everything the newspapers printed about it and the accused.

"No, I do not, Jimmy," replied Bob.

"Yet if it hadn't been for youse he wouldn't have been arrested."

"I merely acted as my duty suggested."

"How d'ye s'pose de impression of his ring got on dat handkerchief dat was found in de room where de money-lender was murdered?"

"If I had any idea, I should certainly hand it to the police."

"Smit' says dat he has de only ring of de kind in de world. If dat is really so, it stands to reason dat he must have killed de old man. But it's my idea dat somebody else has a ring jest like his."

"It would certainly be a curious coincidence if another party designed a ring exactly like Mr. Smith's, and had one made, the story of the ring has been so prominently printed in all the papers that I should think if any New York, or neighboring city jeweler had made such a ring for somebody other than Mr. Smith, that he would recall the fact and have notified the police about it."

"Do youse know, Mr. Granger, dat I've seen a snake ring jest like de one printed in de papers on de little finger of a broker who bought papers from me regerly."

"Is that so? I guess it couldn't have been exactly like it. Did you get a good look at the ring you refer to?"

"I reckon dat I did, many times."

"There are lots of snake designs in rings, but Mr. Smith maintains none exactly like his. The fact that he stuck to that admission in face of so damaging a piece of evidence against him satisfies me that he is innocent. Who was the broker who bought papers of you and sported a snake ring like the one in the case?"

"Mr. Simms."

"What! Andrew Simms?" exclaimed Bob, rather surprised.

"I dunno what his fust name is."

"Do you know where his office is?"

"Down on Broad street, near Exchange place."

"That was Andrew Simms."

"A broker like him wouldn't commit a murder, dough, would he?"

"It is possible, but not probable. The money-lender had several broker clients, though. It would be interesting to learn if Simms was one of them. If he was, your description of his ring might give him trouble. That reminds me that when I saw him last I am sure he did not wear a snake ring."

"He wore it, all right, when I sold papers to him."

"Did you see the ring on his finger after the murder was committed?"

"I don't remember dat I noticed it."

"Well, I wouldn't speak about the matter to anybody else, Jimmy."

"Wotever yer says, goes wit' me, Mr. Granger."

The fact that Simms wore, or had worn, a

snake ring similar to the one so prominent in the murder case held Bob's attention to such an extent that he called on Smith at his hotel that afternoon and told him about it.

"If I were you, I'd have your lawyers find out if Simms was ever a customer of the money-lender's. It might lead to results, who knows?" said Bob.

"Have you any reason to suspect this man Simms?" asked Smith.

"I have not, but I have told you this statement of my office boy's because I feel an interest in you and believe that a man in your unenviable situation should investigate every possible clue that might lead to your ultimate absolute acquittal."

"Thank you! I will see my lawyer to-morrow on the subject."

Next day Esmeralda stock went to \$1.27 and Bob told Brown to sell his shares. Brown did so and the boy cleared \$5,500 on the deal. He was now worth \$62,000, independent of a profit of \$7,000 in sight on his American Writing Paper preferred stock, which had gone up 7 points. That same day Bob heard that a syndicate had been formed to boom L. & M. R. R. on the Stock Exchange list, which was ruling at 90. Having satisfied himself that there was good foundation for the report he called on Brown and gave him an order to buy 5,000 L. & M. for his account on a ten per cent. margin. Two days later American Writing Paper preferred went to 35 and a fraction. Brown sold his holdings and advised Bob to do the same.

"All right. Sell me out," replied the young broker.

Brown complied and Bob added \$12,000 more to his capital. When Bob returned to his office Jimmy had news for him.

"Wot d'ye t'ink, Mr. Granger, a 'tective wuz here while yer wuz out to see me."

"To see you?" cried Bob, in surprise. "What about?"

"'Bout dat ring I seen on Mr. Simms' finger. He showed me de bloody handkerchief and asked if Simms' ring looked like dat. I said it did, as far as I cud remember. He asked me a lot of questions and den went off. Wot do yer t'ink 'bout it?"

"I think the police are investigating this new clue."

"Do yer t'ink it'll amount to anytin'?"

"I haven't the least idea, Jimmy. Simms does not strike me as having nerve enough to commit a murder, except possibly under great provocation. I haven't heard that he had any business or other relations with the dead money-lender."

"If he had, it'd come out, won't it?"

"The police will surely find out if he had. Any callers while I was away?"

"Nobody 'cept dat 'tective."

"You'd better go to lunch now. I'll be here for half an hour at least."

About a week after Bob bought the L. & M. shares the stock, which had slowly risen to 93, took a sudden jump to par. Considerable excitement took place on the floor of the Exchange. Staid traders, as well as the go-as-you-please kind, began getting in on it, and many others came into the board room with their pockets full of buying orders from their customers. A big crowd hung around the L. & M. pole, buying

and selling and then rebuying. Just before the Exchange closed the price fell to 98. Next morning, instead of falling further, it went up to 105. The excitement was intense. Everybody recognized that a boom was on, but nobody could guess how long it would last. The price might go to 110 or 115, but the knowing ones didn't believe it would. Bob heard a bunch of traders shaking their heads over it, and predicting a smash at any moment. They were solid men and their opinion was worth something. At that time L. & M. was going at 106 and a fraction. Bob decided he would sell, for he didn't believe in holding on for the last dollar. So he walked into Brown's office and ordered his shares sold. Brown sold them in small lots without any trouble. When he reported the closing of the deal to Bob, the boy figured up his profits at \$80,500, which raised his capital to \$155,000.

CHAPTER XII.—In Which Bob Is Trapped.

A day or two later Bob dropped in at Brown's office just to have a few minutes' talk. As he got up to go, Brown said:

"As you are putting in your time mostly for your own interests, I think it would be a good idea for you to keep your eye on A. & C. Leasing Co. I got a tip that the price of the shares would soon advance on the market. The reason given was that the Atlas mine, which the company is working, is turning out a richer grade of ore and the company will make a lot more money in the immediate future than it has in the past. If I had any money to spare I'd look around for some of the stock, but just now I need all my cash in my regular business."

"I'll look it up," said Bob, and then he went away.

When he got back to his office, he looked up the A. & C. Leasing Co., the company which had an eighteen months' lease of the Atlas mining property, and was developing it as leasing companies operate. The Atlas mine had proved a good proposition to the leasing company, and the company's stock was hard to buy at \$4 a share. Bob found that there had not been a sale of the shares on the Curb for two weeks, and then 1,000 changed hands at \$4.15. As it was not improbable that the price would advance, Bob decided to buy some of it if he could get it. He had over \$150,000 lying idle in his safe deposit box, and he was anxious to put some of it to work. While he was thinking about it the door opened and a stranger entered.

"Mr. Granger?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Curb broker, I believe?"

Bob nodded.

"I have a bunch of stock to sell," said the stranger, "but as I'm in a rush to leave the city I'd like to sell it to some broker for spot cash at the market, or a little below, to make it an object to him, for I can't wait for the usual course of an outside sale."

"What stock have you got for sale?"

"I've got a 5,000 block of A. & C. Leasing Co."

Bob pricked up his ears. It was a curious coincidence that this man should call with the very stock he was thinking of buying.

"That isn't bad stock," said Bob.

"I should say not. You can't buy a share of it on the Street under \$4.25."

"What do you want for it?"

"Will you give \$4.20, less your commission, for selling? That will be a bonus of \$250. That ought to pay you for paying the money in advance."

"I don't know as I care to give that," said Bob. "I don't know that I can get \$4.25 in the market for it."

"If I had the time, I'd rather let you sell it for me at \$4.25 than take \$4.20 cash, because I know it is not likely to drop any."

"That is impossible to say."

"Well, I've got to have \$20,000 to close a deal this afternoon in Philadelphia, so I suppose I'll have to make a sacrifice. Take it at \$4.15."

Bob hesitated.

"Wait a moment," he said.

He called Brown on the phone and told him there was a man in the office who offered him 5,000 A. & C. Leasing Co. for \$4.15.

"Is it a safe risk to take it?" he asked.

"Take it," said Brown, "and bring it over here. There was a man in here a few minutes ago who was looking for some of it. Said he'd give \$4.30 for any part of 10,000 shares. I was just going out to look the stock up, as he said he'd call in an hour to see me about it again. He put up a deposit of \$100 to show that he meant business."

"All right," said Bob.

He immediately closed with the stranger, who said his name was Webster, at \$4.15, less his commission for selling the block. Altogether he had to pay \$20,125 for the stock. Asking Webster to wait, he ran around to his safe deposit vault and got out \$20,000. The balance he took from his safe. He took Webster's order and a receipt for the money, and the men went away. Bob then began to consider whether it would be wise to sell it at \$4.30. Brown, under the circumstances, would take it off his hands without charging him anything, and so he could make a profit of \$1,875 right off the reel. That was just like finding so much money. But there was Brown's statement that he had got a tip that the stock was going to advance, and the fact that a customer had called on him and offered \$4.30 for 10,000 shares, or any part of that number, looked as if there was going to be a rise, and that the man who called on Brown had a line on it. After some reflection, Bob decided to hold on to the stock. He called Brown up and had a talk with him about the matter. The broker admitted that he might do better by keeping his purchase.

So Bob decided to keep the stock. The leasing company had no office in New York, so it was necessary for Bob to send the shares to the office in Goldfield to have them transferred to his name. He could do this through one of the big express companies with perfect safety. His intention was to send it away that afternoon. At half-past twelve Jimmy went to lunch. The boy patronized one of the cheap quick-lunch houses in the neighborhood. On his way he passed the Empire Cafe, where brokers and upper clerks went for a bite at noontime. Jimmy knew it was a high-toned drinking saloon, and he judged that a long-up lunch was served there. It often made

his mouth water to think how well people with money could live.

On the day in question it happened that Jimmy found a dollar bill in the gutter on Nassau street. That dollar looked mighty big to him and he spent half the morning thinking how he would spend it. One thing was certain: he intended to go to a show that night at the old Bowery Theater, which at that time was devoted to lurid melodrama, presented by traveling combinations, a new one every week. When Jimmy was passing the Empire Cafe that noon on his way to lunch, a longing came over him to spend part of his dollar on a feed there. It was a chance he might not have soon again. A sign outside the door read: "Business men's lunch from eleven till three."

Jimmy walked in and found the place pretty well crowded with well-dressed men. He saw a little round table in a retired nook and he glided over to it. A waiter came up to him and asked him what he'd have.

"Wot yer got?" asked Jimmy.

The man pointed to a written bill-of-fare. Jimmy picked out fifty cents' worth and the food was soon before him. He ate it with the biggest kind of relish. He had never spent half as much on a meal before in his life, and as he was resolved to get his money's worth he ate up everything in sight, including all the free pickles and other relishes.

"Gee! Dat wuz fine!" he ejaculated, in a tone of satisfaction.

He was about to leave when he heard his boss's name mentioned. He was all attention on the instant. The conversation came from a box behind him. What he heard made his eyes grow as big as saucers. In a few minutes the men left the box, paid their score, and walked out on the street.

"Gosh! Mr. Granger'll have a fit when I tell him wot I heard. Maybe he kin save himself, for de news ain't out yet."

Jimmy hurried back to the office as fast as he could go.

"Say, Mr. Granger," he exclaimed, bursting into the office, his face glowing with excitement, "I've got somet'in' important to tell you."

"Have you, Jimmy? Let's hear it, then. The Stock Exchange hasn't collapsed, has it?" he added, with a smile.

"Not dat I knows of. I found a dollar dis mornin' on Nassau street, and when I passed de Empire Cafe I t'ought I'd blow meself to a swell lunch."

"And you did, I suppose?"

"Bet yer life I did, and it wuz fine. I had just got t'rough and wuz pickin' me teet' like a real gent, when I heard a chap in de box behind me menshun yer name. I listened and wot d'ye s'pose de men wuz talkin' 'bout?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Dey said dey had squeezed yer out'r twenty t'ousan' dollars!"

"Squeezed me out of twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Bob.

"Dat's right. De feller dat wuz in here dis mornin' and sold yer some stock wuz one of dem, and heker he was wuz squeezed. De news I never seen before."

Bob looked serious.

"Tell me all you heard, Jimmy."

"Dat's wot I'm goin' to do. Dey said dat owin' to some fluke de A. & C. Leasing Co. had lost its grip on de Atlas mine and had received notice to quit at de end of de week and take away all deir machinery. De noos would be all over Wall Street first t'ing Monday mornin', and dem folks wot owned de leasin' stock wouldn't be able to give it away. As soon as Simms got de noos by a cipher dispatch from a friend on de inside he said he saw de chance to get square wit' youse fer somet'in' dat he owed yer. He had 5,000 shares in his safe, and he sent one of his friends to Brown to tell him dat dere would be a boom in de stock in a few days. He said he guessed Brown would tip yer off, and den yer would want some of de stock. After a while he sent de same man to yer wit' de 5,000 shares, and at de same time anudder man to Brown who wuz to pretend dat he wanted 10,000 shares bad enough to pay \$4.30 for it. T'ings worked better dan he expected, for yer bit at de bait so easy dat he said, wid a laff, it wuz almost a shame to rob yer. Yer ponied up \$20,000 and took de stock. Tomorrow and Saturday he and his friends are goin' to make some wash sales dat will put de price of de leasin' company up to \$5 a share. Dat's all for yer benefit, to make yer hold on to wot yer bought, t'inkin' yer have a puddin'. Den on Monday yer'll wake up to find de bottom out of de stock, and yer twenty t'ousan' gone up Salt River. Dere yer have it now," concluded Jimmy.

Bob was staggered by the news. He would have doubted its truth but for the fact that Broker Simms appeared to be the man who had engineered it. He stared at Jimmy a moment or two and then drew a long breath.

He put on his hat and walked out of the office.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Mills of the Gods.

Bob went straight to Brown's office and found the broker in.

"Did that man come back about those 10,000 Leasing shares?" Bob asked.

"Not yet he hasn't. I guess he'll be in, though, for I've got his hundred dollars as evidence that he wanted the stock," said Brown.

"You can consider yourself \$100 in, for he'll never show up."

"How do you know he won't? Want to bet on it?"

"Yes. I'll bet you \$10 he won't come."

"I'm sport enough to cover you, but I'd like to know what makes you so positive about him."

"Put up your ten and I'll tell you," said Bob, laying down a bill.

Brown matched it.

"Now explain yourself," he said.

Bob told him Jimmy's story. It certainly astonished Brown.

"Must be some mistake," he said. "The A. & C. Leasing Co. is a fine proposition. One of the best of the leasing companies."

"Well, I believe that it's run up against a snag that is going to play the mischief with its stockholders," said Bob. "Jimmy wouldn't bring me that story if he hadn't heard every word of it. He heard Simms say distinctly how he had trapped me into buying the 5,000 shares, and that on

Monday morning I would wake up to find my money up Salt River. In the meantime, he and his friends are going to work some wash sales, with the view of forcing the stock up around \$5 to make me think that I have got hold of a good thing."

"Well, your story gets me, Granger," said Brown.

"Jimmy heard Simms say that he sent a man around to your office to look for any part of 10,000 shares of the leasing company. I didn't tell Jimmy that you phoned me about the man, so how could he know the fact if he didn't hear it as he said he did?"

Brown had to admit the force to Bob's reasoning.

"Then I suppose you're goin' to try to sell the stock?" said the broker.

"Most decidedly. I've got this afternoon, tomorrow and Saturday morning to do it in. I want you to offer it around quietly on the Curb, but be careful not to let Simms, or those you believe to be his friends, get on to you."

"I don't know many of Simms' friends. The best thing I can do is to keep out of it. I'll place the order with a broker I'm acquainted with. Simms and his crowd won't suspect him as being any way connected with you."

"That's right. Go ahead."

Brown put on his hat, after Bob gave him his signed order, and went out to see his friend, while Bob went to lunch. At half-past three Brown phoned Bob that the stock had all been sold at \$4.25.

On the following day Bob hung about the Curb a good deal, and while he was there A. & C. Leasing went up to \$4.60. Once he encountered Simms' eyes, and he detected a triumphant gleam in them.

"He thinks he has me dead to rights," thought the boy. "How some people fool themselves! But he would have had me but for Jimmy. Well, I'll make it all right with the boy. He's a jewel."

The leasing stock closed at \$4.75 that day, and next morning it was forced up to an even \$5. Bob had been watched by the conspirators to see whether he made any effort to sell his shares. Of course, having taken time by the forelock and got rid of them within a few hours after he bought them, a fact they had no suspicion of, Simms felt certain that the boy would lose his \$20,000, for the bad news would be known to all Wall Street early on Monday morning. Bob handed Jimmy his pay envelope at half-past twelve on Saturday.

"Be careful of that, Jimmy, there's \$105 in it," he said.

"A hundred and five dollars!" exclaimed the lad.

"Yes. The hundred is a present for bringing me that information on Thursday that you picked up in the cafe."

"I don't want no pay for dat," protested Jimmy.

"Maybe not, but you will take it, just the same. Remember, it's bad luck to refuse money. Furthermore, the balance you owe me on your clothes is cancelled—wiped out, do you understand?"

Jimmy went home, feeling great and his mother nearly collapsed with astonishment when she gazed upon the five \$20 bills. Her son told her

how he came by them, and she said she would open a bank account for him with the money. On Monday morning every Curb broker learned of the trouble the A. & C. Leasing Co. was in. The Atlas mine officials had found a flaw in the lease, and were delighted at the chance it afforded them to terminate their connection with the leasing company. Their action was not favorably looked upon by the general mining community, as it was regarded as a piece of sharp practice. They stood upon their legal rights, however, and the leasing company was obliged to liquidate. As the assets of the company consisted only of ore on hand, a cash balance and its machinery, the prospect of the stockholders getting a great deal was not bright. The stock dropped to 50 cents a share before Monday noon, and Simms wondered how Bob Granger was feeling. He rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"I've got back at him for doing me up with the Widow Gage," he said. "I never fail to get square with any one who does me an injury."

The grin faded from his face as his thoughts went back to some incident not long since, and he sat for some time looking at his desk with a scowl on his countenance. At that moment Bob sat at his desk in his own office, wondering if Broker Simms was holding a high jinks with his friends over his supposed predicament.

"If Simms could only look inside of his trap, he would see that the victim was missing from it. Then he wouldn't feel quite so happy as I imagine he now does," he chuckled. "I'd like to let him know that he slipped up. How will I do it?"

Suddenly he had an idea. He was acquainted with a newspaper cartoonist. That evening he called at his house and told him that he wanted him to draw a picture for him.

"I'll pay you whatever you think it's worth," he said.

"What do you want me to draw for you?" asked the artist.

"A sort of double picture. Draw a nice rat-trap standing open, with a large piece of cheese inside, labeled 'A. & C. Leasing Co., 5,000 shares,' the initials 'R. S.' with a package of money tied to his neck, marked '\$20,000.' Then draw a vertical line and on the other side show the same trap, sprung, the cheese gone, and the rat crawling out through the hole in the top with a package of money tied to his neck, marked '\$21,125.' Understand?"

The artist had grasped the idea and proceeded to reproduce rapidly in the usual way that he was accustomed to draw pictures for reproduction in smaller form by photography. It took him about half an hour to finish the sketch.

"How do you like it?"

"Fine!" said Bob. "Now put over the top the words, 'The Scheme That Failed.'"

The artist did so.

"How much do I owe you for the job?" asked Bob.

"Nothing."

"Nonsense! Set a figure. I don't want to steal your time."

After some argument the cartoonist set a low price and Bob paid it, thanking him for doing the work which, he said, he intended to send to a

broker who had tried to do him up on a foxy deal and had failed to catch him. Before he mailed the drawing to Broker Simms, carefully wrapped, he showed it to Brown. That trader saw the point right away and laughed heartily.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"Mail it to Simms. I think it will spoil the satisfaction he is feeling at this moment."

But Broker Simms wasn't feeling very happy at that moment. A couple of detectives had called upon him with a warrant for his arrest.

"What does this mean?" cried Broker Simms, when the sleuths announced the object of their errand. "What is the charge against me?"

"Well, it's rather serious. It's murder."

"Murder!" gasped the broker, turning white and grasping at his chair for support. "Murder!" he repeated, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, the murder of Matthew Waring, the money-lender, of the Bronx."

Broker Simms collapsed.

CHAPTER XIV.—Boss of Wall Street.

The early afternoon editions of the evening papers contained the news of the arrest of Broker Andrew Simms, charged with the murder of the Bronx money-lender, and all Wall Street was astonished. The crime had faded from public attention, but now it was rehearsed again by the papers, though not in its original details. The fresh facts were that the police, working on a new scent, had discovered that a ring, practically the duplicate of Reginald Smith's snake ornament, had been made for Broker Andrew Simms. The books of the dead money-lender showed that Simms had been a customer of his at different times. On the night of the murder he had been one of the visitors at the house, but not the last one, according to the testimony of the servant who waited on the door.

The police, however, claimed to have evidence to prove that he had returned at a later hour, effected his entrance by way of the porch roof and one of the second-story windows, and had a second interview, unknown to the rest of the household, with the money-lender and, for some reason at present a mystery, had killed the old man at an unguarded moment. Hardly anything else was talked about that day in Wall Street but the arrest of Simms and the alleged evidence on which he was being held in the Tombs without bail. The foxy trader had very few, if any, real friends in the Street, but, nevertheless, no one appeared to believe that he was guilty of the crime. In fact, brokers generally were averse to accept the opinion that one of their number could be capable of committing a murder. Bob read the news in the paper and was probably the least surprised of any one in Wall Street. He had had his suspicions ever since Jimmy spoke to him about the snake ring he had seen on the finger of Simms' finger, and which he found out the broker no longer wore. He went over to see Brown, and tell him the news, but found that Brown had already read about it.

"Simms seems to be getting it in the neck lately with a vengeance," said Brown. "I wonder if he can be guilty of the crime for which he's

first customer was arrested and held for several weeks?"

"The police appear to think they have the right man at last," replied Bob.

Here the office boy announced a visitor, and Bob took his leave. Simms lost no time in engaging eminent counsel to defend him. The lawyers waived examination and applied for bail. The district attorney produced reasons enough to cause the magistrate to refuse their application, so Simms was compelled to remain in the Tombs. He was never indicted. A week later he was found dead in his cell from heart failure. That left the question of his guilt or innocence unraveled. In a few days Wall Street ceased to think about the broker. A boom in one of the big railroad stocks kept things humming for a week, and this was followed by a rise in copper on the Curb. Bob bought 10,000 shares of a prominent copper stock and cleared \$100,000 off it, making him worth a quarter of a million. One day, not long afterward, Bob was walking home from the elevated station in the afternoon when he saved an old man named Adams from being run over by an automobile. Bob assisted Adams to the home where he was passing the last of his days and left him there, after furnishing the old man with his name and address. In a few days the young broker received word that Adams was dying and wanted to see him. Bob called and was shown to his room. The old man told him a singular story. Many years since, he said, five capitalists had secured, through politics, a franchise for a street railway on a certain street, from Broadway to the East River. It cost the pool half a million dollars to put the scheme through, but after the franchise was secured, in the name of the B. & F. S. Railway Co., nothing further was done. Once a year the capitalists held a meeting of the company, elected themselves directors and, as directors, selected a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and then adjourned. Thus several years elapsed and still the franchise slumbered. Finally the syndicate found they had milked the traction system to the limit and a reorganization became necessary. The five capitalists took advantage of their chance and arranged that the system should take over the B. & F. S. line for the modest sum of ten millions, the said money to be divided between the five astute capitalists. Unfortunately for the success of the scheme, the press of the city got on to it and denounced it in such unmistakable terms that it failed to go through. To extricate themselves from the roasting they got the capitalists called a meeting of themselves and the franchise was temporarily transferred to Adams for the sum of one dollar. He had been the owner of it for several years, and now that he knew he was dying he decided, as the only way of testifying his gratitude to the boy who saved his life was to transfer the franchise to Bob. This was duly accomplished in a perfectly legal way, and thus Bob unexpectedly found himself the owner of a franchise of a paper railway which had cost its projectors half a million, but which was actually worth nothing outside of the problematical value of the franchise. Three days after Adams' death a distinguished-looking visitor called on the boy broker. He gave his name, and Bob recognized it as one of the biggest guns of Wall Street.

"You are the person to whom Mr. Adams transferred the franchise of the F. S. Railways Co., I believe?" he said.

Bob admitted the fact.

"Do you know that Adams held that franchise merely as a matter of form?"

"That may be, but still he held possession of it legally, and he transferred it to me legally."

"I shall not argue the matter," said the visitor pompously. "I shall require you to transfer that to a person I will select for the purpose for the same consideration, and for your services in the matter you will be paid the sum of \$1,000."

"A thousand dollars won't pay me. I am a high-priced person. My charge when dealing with millionaires is in proportion to the benefit they expect to realize from my efforts. In this case I think a quarter of a million would be the proper figure for us to consider," said Bob coolly.

The multi-millionaire visitor gasped at the boy's nerve.

"What good is the franchise to you?"

"There are five of you gentlemen who are interested in this franchise. I know each of you by reputation. I know, in a general way, how you have accumulated a large part of your money. Let me state a case in point," and Bob took a paper from the pigeon-hole of his desk. "Ten years ago the five of you, with other Wall Street magnates, had the traction interests in your grasp. You had capitalized a fifty-million dollar enterprise for six hundred millions by means which would take me an hour to describe and which you are familiar with. Five-sixths of it was watered stock; then the authorities got after you. Well, here is the record of the way you held the law up—the way you people kept out of jail for stealing \$550,000,000 from the public, while in the meantime many a poor man has been sent to the penitentiary in short order for stealing \$26 or to the Island for stealing a loaf of bread. You people practically control Wall Street, and they say Wall Street controls the country. Well, I'm the boss of Wall Street just now, because I control your movements on this franchise."

"Young man, do you intend to fight us?"

"No, sir, I leave you to do the fighting, if you think it's worth while. What is a quarter of a million to you five gentlemen? A mere bagatelle—\$50,000 each. If you refuse to buy me out, I will, in three days, advertise the franchise for sale."

"You will hear from us later," said the visitor stiffly, taking his leave. On the following afternoon a big corporation lawyer called on Bob and tried to intimidate him with the specter of legal proceedings. Bob laughed at him. In the end, the Wall Street interests capitulated, and a certified check for a quarter of a million was handed to Bob, who then transferred the franchise. The whole business was carried on so quietly that the papers never got on to it, nor did any one else other than the parties interested, and thus to this day not a dozen persons knew that for the space of a week a boy was boss of Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain *SMOKING THE RUNAWAY*; or, *THE TREASURE OF THE ISLE OF FOG*."

CURRENT NEWS

BOGUS \$20 AND \$100 BILLS

It is announced by J. H. Chase, acting governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in circulars just sent to trust companies and savings banks, that new counterfeit Federal Reserve bank notes have been placed in circulation, and extreme care is urged in the attempt to find them and prevent their further circulation.

The warning says the notes are of \$20 and \$100 denomination, the \$20 notes having a check letter "F" plate number indistinct, apparently "55," bearing the signatures of William G. McAdoo and John Burke, with portrait of Cleveland. The \$100 notes are on the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, with check letter "B" and plate number "10," bearing portrait of Franklin.

SCENTED LETTERS A RUSE

Some clever business men are using scented notepaper to make sure that their communications will reach the proprietors of large establishments whose patronage they seek. And to make surer, these communications are addressed in feminine handwriting. Even a private secretary shrinks from opening such a missive.

Writing to a London newspaper, the general manager of a great wholesale establishment calls this new insinuating method "the latest manifestation of the alert post-war commercial mind."

"In my case," he says, "the buyers are a body not over given to encouraging new blood. They are likely to be conservatively content with those who are comfortably established in their 'ring.' But a letter in a woman's handwriting on nice notepaper, delicately scented, got through the 'ring.' It reached me, and to my astonishment I found the information distinctly worth while from a business point of view."

THREE MEN, OVERCOME BY SEWER GAS, DROWN

Three men, overcome by sewer gas, died of drowning in a cesspool in the back yard of Angelo Iselin, 97 Centre street, in Nutley, N. J. Anthony Lordi, son of a contractor, who was attempting repairs on the cesspool; Angelo Iselin, owner of the house, and Frank Jannarone, 40 years old, a laborer, who was working nearby, were the victims.

Lordi, master plumber and contractor, climbed down a ladder in the cesspool, which is about three feet in diameter. He had hardly more than got down when he called, "Help! Help! I'm choking."

Iselin climbed in to help without hesitation, but had no more than gotten in the foul air than he too called for help. Jannarone, who was at work in the garage of Cavalier Francesco Santomassino, Italian Consul at Newark, whose residence adjoins that of Iselin, answered this call. Although he was only fifty yards away and went to the cesspool on the run the two men had already ceased to gasp for air, and Lordi had slid into the water.

Jannarone climbed into the cesspool and soon his groans were added to those of the other two men. They were heard by Joseph Osloy of 16

Florence street, who brought a rope, with which he dragged out Jannarone. The Italian's face was so purple and bloated that Osloy promptly fainted and the other two bodies were dragged out by other arrivals who had come up by this time.

HE DIDN'T MISS THE MONEY HE SAVED

A comparatively small proportion of the people of the United States have a chance to go to college, but every American has a wonderful opportunity to learn from that sterling teacher, experience. The Dodge News, issued by the Dodge Manufacturing Co., prints the story of one such lesson as related by "Luke," the presiding genius of the Dodge Thrift Club, who not only sees that Dodge employees are provided with War Savings Stamps and the Government savings securities, but takes a personal interest in the financial welfare of every member of the organization.

"There is somewhere in the plant," says the News, "a foreman who has learned an important thing in thrift. Luke describes him as a steady, reliable, clean-cut fellow, the type that is a real asset in any plant. For a long time Luke has been trying to get his man into the thrift club, not so much because he thought the man needed the club, as because he felt the club needed the man as an example and an influence among the men in his department."

"But Bill (we'll call him that for the sake of the story) held off. He was saving in a downtown bank, making his deposits regularly, and getting on satisfactorily. He couldn't see the necessity of his joining the thrift club. And Luke, after arguing to the best of his ability, simply waited for developments."

"Not so very long ago Bill bought a consignment of sugar from the commissary. As everybody knows, the sugar is paid for through the pay roll, the amount being deducted weekly from the pay envelope. One day Bill dropped into the office to see Luke. He'd just finished paying for his sugar at the rate of \$2 weekly."

"'Luke,' said he, 'I believe I'll take a shot at that thrift-club proposition of yours, just for luck. You know, I've never missed that \$2 you've been taking out of my pay for the sugar. If I can get along without it I might just as well be saving it in the club.' And Luke put him down for \$2 a week."

"But wait, this isn't all the story. Luke told that man just why he wanted him in the club, the influence it would be on his men, and all that sort of thing. And the man went back to his job, thinking deeply."

"A short time later he came back to Luke with a sheet of paper in his hands and a grin on his face that Luke could see before he got into the office. He'd got every man in his department into the thrift club for sums ranging from \$1 to \$10 a week. Not a one refused. They didn't even argue. It was enough for them that their foreman was a thrift-club man. Bill himself is the better for it, and those men are saving money now they never tried to save before."

—BUY W. S. S.—

Lost On Mt. Erebus

—OR—

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XV. (continued)

Hawley's voice was receding and the girl stood trembling, but obedient to the other's orders. If anything happened to Joe, what would she do?

But presently Joe pulled out all right nearly a hundred yards away. She hurried cautiously forward, but when she reached him he was pointing excitedly at the last cliff on their right, the one where the detached cliffs ended.

Coming up, the girl looked, then clapped her mittened hands.

"The Owl's Head! Do we see it, or do I dream the likeness?"

Sure enough, from the point where they now were, the upper face of the cliff strongly resembled an owl's head, even in the upright form.

Full of suppressed excitement the two hastened to the point in question, giving little heed to crevasses or other snow-lidened perils.

For half an hour they searched, and Madge was for giving up in despair, when Joe discovered the outline of a staff imbedded in the ice formed by drippings from the overhanging rock wall.

This was close at the base, where the snows of years had less force to drift, being wind swept further on.

"Excelsior!" cried Hawley. "Get to digging, Madge. We'll use our axes and picks. Never give up. I do believe we've struck it at last."

To make the story of the discovery short, in two hours time they found the old Arctic sled, the staff of which, encased in ice, Joe had first seen. In the cache was a supply of Arctic provisions, together with spare clothing and more sleeping bags, such as made their hearts glad. Eatables to last weeks and weeks for the two were there.

"Madge, what say you?" said Hawley. "We're on the south side of these mountains; we have a good hand sled, and plenty of grub. Let's you and I start for the pole from here in good earnest. Will you go?"

Madge's answer was like that of Ruth to Balaam in the old Bible story. As they shook hands on it she replied:

"Where you go I will go. Is that enough, Joe?"

"It is. Perhaps with good luck we may land the old pole yet."

"Anyhow, we will try our best."

And they did, from then on. Erebus was already theirs. The pole should be. To make assurance more sure, they piled three months' provisions on that last sled and started early in November, the May of southern latitudes, on their quest.

Crevasses bothered them somewhat until the last mountain range was passed at 84 degrees

The last three hundred miles were over a gradually ascending snow plain, swept by occasional snow blizzards, but measurably safe under foot.

With plenty of grub, and being favored much in weather, they sped tiresomely but gamely forward. Hawley took daily observations when the sun permitted.

They cached part of their sled load at 87 degrees. This was to lighten their load, mainly on Madge's account.

November had given way to December. December was well on, when one morning they saw the sun for the first time. Joe instantly got out his sextant. Madge helped him and stood expectant as he figured out the latitude.

Suddenly he jumped up and seized her hand. Then he hugged her and danced about crying wildly:

"We have reached the pole at last! Look, Madge!" thrusting the figures under her eyes. "Ninety degrees, barring a very small fraction."

"Don't be so ridiculous, Joe. I'm tired."

"But the pole is ours. Erebus is ours also. Oh, we've found it all—good and plenty. Whoop!"

"Do stop—please do! If you can look at anything else, tell me what that is coming toward us, off yonder."

Far out on the snow plain, hitherto lifeless but for themselves for many days, were certain dim, moving objects.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mysterious Appearances.

The last words of Madge Barclay caused Joe Hawley to suddenly cease his merrymaking over their great discovery.

Something seemed to be stirring out there, though they could not see what was doing, or whether human or animal life was the cause. Suddenly Hawley made a wondering exclamation.

"Look here, Madge," said he, pointing to their own tracks and the sled, which lay nearly a hundred yards off where they had left it after Joe's announcement.

"Well, what is it, Joe? How shimmery and glary everything looks."

"Yes, it does. But you see that yonder are our tracks and our sled. How comes it we see those objects in an opposite direction?"

"I do believe you are right. What can it mean?"

"Stay right here, Madge. I'm going to find out."

Hawley started toward the confused glimmer of moving objects that had first attracted the girl's attention.

"Don't go alone, Joe." Madge was suddenly alarmed. "Those objects look vague. We don't know what they are."

"I am going to see, Madge. Don't worry. One of us must stay here, so as to mark our relative position. You see, at the pole, all outward distances are north. Our sled is north; but it is not the same way north as those struggling, moving things off there."

Joe started at a brisk pace toward the queer manifestations out yonder, while Madge, with her rifle in hand, watched him anxiously.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

ELECTRIC HATCHING OF CHICKS

A third of a million chickens a season is the proposed capacity which a customer of the Electric Power Company of Portland, Ore., intends to attain in his electrically-operated chicken farm known as "Henaeres." His output this season will be in the neighborhood of 100,000 chickens, as compared with 45,000 for last year. This farm started with one small electric incubator in 1915 and now is equipped to operate on a large scale, having a single incubator with a capacity of 20,000 eggs. The total connected load for this plant consists of 33.5 kilowatts of heating and 3 kilowatts of lighting. For emergency service, continues Electrical Review, a 20-kilowatt direct current generator is installed at the farm and is so arranged that it may be driven from the owner's truck.

ORIGINATED

The strawberry, says one of the Government experts, comes from a cross between the native strawberry of Virginia and that of Chile. The raspberry is native in temperate Europe and in Asia. The apricot originated in China. The peach was originally a Chinese fruit. The cherry originated around the Caspian Sea. The plum comes from the Caucasus and Turkey.

The pear is native in temperate Europe and Western Asia. The quince comes from South-eastern Europe, the Caucasus and the Caspian region. The apple is native all over Europe, in the Caucasus, around the Black Sea and in Persia. The almond comes from Transcaucasia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkestan and Algeria.

The fig seems to have originated around the Mediterranean, particularly in Syria. The grape is native in Southern Europe, Algeria, Morocco and Western Asia. The red currant grows wild all over Europe, in the Caucasus, the Himalayas, Manchuria, Japan and arctic America. The walnut comes from the Caucasus, Persia and northern India. The sweet orange originated in Southern China and Cochin China. The citron is of Indian origin.

RELEASED FROM PRISON, FINDS HE IS MILLIONAIRE

"Uncle" Bill Edwards, who was sentenced to the penitentiary from Castland, Tex., about ten years ago for the murder of a neighbor, G. A. Rogers, entered upon his term of thirty-six years imprisonment a poor farmer. He was released a few weeks ago upon pardon of Governor W. P. Hobby, and finds himself a millionaire, due to the discovery of oil upon his 320-acre hill land farm.

On July 19 "Uncle" Bill Edwards was seventy years old. He received a full pardon on that anniversary as a birthday present. He had served a few months short of ten years in prison. It is stated that there were extenuating circumstances connected with his killing of Rogers. At any rate, he was offered a pardon by Governor O. B. Colquitt several years ago and again by Governor James E. Ferguson, upon petition of his relatives.

In both these instances Edwards refused the pardon on the ground that he had not yet suffered enough for the crime he had committed. It was only a few days ago that he arrived at the conclusion that he had atoned for the deed. He wrote Governor Hobby:

"I feel in my mind, conscience and heart that I have paid the penalty of my crime."

During the time Edwards was in prison his farm and other business affairs were looked after by relatives. When oil was discovered in the Eastland region the 320-acre tract of land was leased for a big price. Then oil wells were brought in, and the fortune of the aged man began piling up at an enormous rate. It was all held for him, pending his release from prison.

A GROWING HABIT

The 80,000 employees of the General Electric Company are fast getting the thrift habit. Estimates based on results for the early months of this year indicate that these habits will result in the accumulation of several million dollars over the savings of last year. At the Schenectady plant alone, where approximately 25,000 workers are employed, 12,000 employees saved \$1,700,000 last year. It is expected that this year's savings at this plant will exceed \$2,225,000, according to the Wall Street Journal.

The \$1,700,000 of 1919 savings were invested in the company's guaranteed employees' bonds, a building and loan association, and Liberty bonds, war-savings stamps and Treasury savings certificates. This year the company has arranged a plan whereby employees who have been one year or more with the company may purchase debenture bonds of the company or Liberty bonds at current market prices on long-time payments.

The company has made it clear that these investment opportunities are purely voluntary and that no pressure will be brought to bear on any employee to secure subscriptions. These opportunities have been created because the corporation has realized the danger to the habits of saving which are opened by insecure and unsafe investment.

In a letter recently to the Savings Division of the Treasury Henry W. Darling, treasurer of the company, declares that in the first four months of this year 1,749 employees of the company subscribed for the 43-4 per cent Victory notes for an aggregate amount of \$182,000. The company, according to the plan, purchases these notes at the market price plus accrued interest for any employee in service for one year.

Payments may be made for these notes in equal monthly installments over a period of ten months or in weekly installments extending over fifty weeks deducted from the pay roll or in four equal installments, monthly, bimonthly, or quarterly. The notes are delivered to the subscriber as soon as they are paid in full with interest at 43-4 per cent on all installments.

THE SQUAW'S DOOM

By D. W. STEVENS

High, frowning over the dashing waters of the Red River of the North, at a point where rapids flow over jagged rocks, there yet stands a high cliff of rock.

It is called by the settlers of to-day the Squaw's Leap, and connected thereby is an Indian legend which, true or not, is most romantic and strange.

A branch of the Assinaboin tribe once had their village upon the banks of the river here. It was a famous place for fishing, and this, no doubt, was one reason why it was chosen as the site of the village.

Black Panther had been the chief for many years, and had followed the war trail and the chase until age had broken down his strength and iron will. A tottering, feeble old man, death one day terminated his rule.

Black Panther had a daughter, the fair Princess Manotomah or the Laughing Rose. She was a stately and beautiful young girl, and not without suitors for her hand.

The only favored ones, however, were the two most prominent young warriors of the tribe, Little Bear and Red Antelope. The latter, as was well known, enjoyed the preference.

Another law of the nation stipulated that the aspirant to the chieftainship, if successful, must claim the princess as his squaw. So it happened that Little Bear and Red Antelope were the rivals for the favors of Laughing Rose and the honors of ruler of the nation.

Only the hardest of courage and the most confident of hearts could have undertaken the ordeal which the old chief required. When it was made known, great excitement was created in the town.

First was the terrible sun-dance, well known for its horrid details. Just as the sun reaches the meridian, the dancer must take his position beneath it, entirely stripped, and with a hundred cuts and gashes upon his body, self-inflicted, he must rivet his eyes upon the bright, blinding orb of day and dance in the most furious fashion as long as the sun shall remain above the horizon. Should he remove his gaze or cease the dance, or sink from exhaustion, or close his eyes to the blinding light, it should be esteemed a mark of cowardice, and he would be disqualified for the position of chief.

Secondly was the arrow test, in which an arrow, driven deeply into the flesh of the thigh, must be unhesitatingly cut out and the wound dressed by the contestant. This was to demonstrate the aspirant's power to stand pain without flinching.

Thirdly, the aspirants must go upon the war trail for a day and a night. In that time he must fetch home at least two of the foes' scalps, the enemies of the Assinaboins being the Dakota Sioux.

If these tests were all successfully executed by any one of the aspirants, that one would then become the chief of the tribe, and in war or in peace his command would be absolute.

Both Little Bear and Red Antelope knew well

the fearful nature of these tests, but neither shrank from them. Indeed, both were eager to undertake them.

Now, it chanced that the heart of Laughing Rose had long belonged to Little Bear. She had held many a tryst with the handsome young chief, and her prayers to Manitou were for his success in the ordeal.

Meeting him clandestinely in a wooded dell, she clung to his breast, sobbing wildly:

"The Great Spirit will give you strength, my own, to win the dance. I can never go to the wigwam of Red Antelope."

"If Little Bear faces not the Great Sun until it shall have gone into the dark beyond, then he will lose, and Laughing Rose must go to the wigwam of Red Antelope. It is the will of Manitou and the law of our people."

Then Manotomah, the Laughing Rose, looked at her handsome, noble lover, and a new inspiration seized her. Ah! strange that she could not have partaken of that lofty, noble spirit. But she loved her handsome Bear. She inherited a spirit of craft and subterfuge which one would never have dreamed of her possessing, and she compressed her lips, while her dark eyes flashed and her bosom rose and fell with a deadly resolution.

When she went to her couch that night she murmured before closing her eyes in slumber:

"Little Bear must be chief! My life is lost if he becomes not chief of the Assinaboins. I can do it. Manitou, the Great Spirit——"

Then she hid her face in affright as she reflected that the Great Spirit would never approve of her plan. She would dare his will and pleasure. For a little time this caused her to waver. But desire and a mad infatuation were uppermost.

"Manotomah shall never dwell in the wigwam of Red Antelope," she murmured rigidly.

The next morning Laughing Rose stole out of the village unobserved. She was equipped with a long pole and a bit of deer's meat. She well knew where to look for that which she wanted.

In a deep dell among the rocks she halted. Puckering her lips she made a strange kissing noise. This she continued for some time until an answer came. Then from a crevice in the rocks two large and venomous rattlesnakes crept out.

The creatures bristled with anger and alarm at sight of Laughing Rose. But the Indian maiden fastened the meat to the end of the pole and extended it toward the reptiles. They struck it savagely several times.

Then she removed the meat, carefully saw that it was becoming a putrid green and wrapped it in a fold of deerskin. She stole back to the village quietly.

It was near the hour of noon, and preparations were being made for the sun dance.

The two participants were stripped to the waist, given long knives and led to the spot where the horrid dance was to begin.

Just as the shadow from the medicine man's wand showed that the noon hour had come the signal was given, the Indian drums began to beat and the two contestants fixed their eyes upon the blazing orb of day.

At the same moment their limbs began to move

in the swaying motion of the dance. With the knives they gashed their limbs and body until the ground was red with blood.

At a distance Laughing Rose stood and watched the awful ordeal. Her hands were clasped about her forehead, her gaze strained and tense was fixed upon, not the form of her lover, but that of Red Antelope.

She sought for some sign of weakening in his frame, for some evidence that he would succumb to the fearful infliction. In her heart she prayed and hoped that he would break down.

But he did not. The grim dance went on. Time passed. The red sun crept, oh, so slowly, to the western horizon. Would it never descend? Now their limbs tottered. The strain was beginning to tell. Yet the face of neither showed the agony of their sufferings; they were mobile and calm. Oh, what mighty command of the nerves was there!

But it could not last forever. The end came. The sun settled rapidly below the horizon line, the drums began to beat and the dance came to a stop.

For a moment both warriors tottered and seemed to fall. The eyes of both seemed sunken and expressionless. Were they blind? A great cry went up as Red Antelope, with stateliness and firmness, walked from the circle. Laughing Rose clenched her small hands and set her thin lips in a half-spasm of agony as her gaze was fastened upon Little Bear. Would he bear up?

Then a trembling cry of joy escaped her lips. Her lover suddenly regained his erect attitude and walked with stately grace from the circle.

Not a word was spoken by the stoical circle of Indians who sat in judgment near by. A warrior with a bow and quiver of arrows now advanced. The arrow test was now about to be made.

Laughing Rose sprang up and, with glittering eyes, drew near. The warrior had already strung his bow with an arrow.

The quiver lay upon the ground. The second arrow had been drawn and lay across it.

Little Bear, with folded arms, stood awaiting the plunging of the steel tip into his flesh. His nerves were rigid and set.

Every eye was on Little Bear. Consequently they did not notice Laughing Rose when she picked up the arrow intended for the next shot. With a deft movement she thrust the tip into a small roll of buckskin in her hand. Then, drawing it out, she replaced it on the quiver. The act was so careless and quick that nobody saw it.

But in that little pouch of buckskin rested the meat poisoned with the reptile's fangs. Ah, woe to him who received the arrow.

Every eye was upon Little Bear. The arrow sped true to its mark and was imbedded in the flesh above the keen barbs. True to his Indian nature, Little Bear never winced, never betrayed pain. Instantly he drew his knife, bent over and, without changing a muscle of his face, deliberately cut the arrow tip from the bleeding, quivering flesh.

It was a wonderful example of nerve, of hardihood, and probably a strength of will possessed by no other race on earth so forcibly as by the American Indian.

Laughing Rose felt a thrill when she saw that

her lover had passed this ordeal. Victory seemed assured.

But now Red Antelope advanced. The archer stepped back and picked up—the poisoned arrow.

Laughing Rose drew a fluttering breath. A sickening faintness came over her, succeeded by a species of irresolution. Half repentant, she had stepped forward, but—too late!

The arrow was quivering in Red Antelope's thigh. The noble young savage had not flinched. With quick action he seized his knife, and as skillfully cut the arrow from the flesh.

He held up the tip triumphantly, and a great cry went up from the whole tribe. The silence was broken, the ordeal was over; both had stood the test.

But what is this? Red Antelope suddenly reels and falls. His face and neck swell, his tongue is thrust from his mouth, he clutches his heart. Sympathetic hands seize and support him, but no one guesses the truth. He is sick—aye, even dying. They attribute it to the fearful action of the sun. Such a thing as poison in the arrow tip is not thought of.

Red Antelope is dead. Unsuspecting the real cause, his friends bury him. Only the grave and the breast of Laughing Rose hold the fearful secret.

Little Bear is chief of the Assinaboins. Laughing Rose becomes his bride. There is feasting and merriment in the Indian village for many days. Manatomah throws herself with wild abandon into the joy of the occasion, and drowns for a time the black nightmare of her life.

But of a sudden a wild report rouses the village. The Sioux have come to attack them. All the warriors fly to arms. Little Bear embraces his squaw of a week and takes to the woods with his warriors to meet the foe.

Days pass. Every evening Manatomah, the Laughing Rose, walks by the bank of the river, waiting for her liege lord to return. But one day at dusk, walking there, a strange spell comes over her.

Looking up with startled manner, Laughing Rose sees a wondrous and terrible sight. Slowly, mystically floating down the river current but a few yards from the shore she sees a canoe white and shadowy, and standing in it, with spear in one hand, tomahawk uplifted in the other, white as driven snow in form, feature and dress—merciful powers! it was the likeness of the dead chief, Black Panther.

"Oh, my love," she sobs and moans wildly. "Oh, the light of my wigwam and my life. For ye I have sinned, I have broken the vows of my people and the laws of the Great Spirit. He is angry at me. My heart is in great darkness, but where thou art so must I be. I go—I go to my love. Ha-ha-ha! I go, stay not the Laughing Rose."

With wild maniacal laughter she springs to her feet. Straight up the rocky rock overlooking the foaming torrent she climbs. On the top the dazed Indians behold her. It is too late to stay her.

With one wild, despairing cry she has taken the awful leap. Down, down she goes, and a half-hour later her body, frightfully crushed, is found upon the rocks below, just where the water was shallow and sluggish.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FINDS DIAMOND IN GARDEN

Gardening may yet prove a popular sport in Beresford, S. D. Mrs. Albert Melle will be responsible for the fad if it develops. Recently she was working in her garden and she unearthed a ring with a stone setting.

TWO BOYS BY EXPRESS

Two express "packages," each consisting of a little negro boy, recently passed through Denver en route from Topeka, Kan., to Ogden, Utah.

Orville Skaggs, eight years old, was package No. 1, while his brother, Lester, six years old, was package No. 2. Their mother, who resides in Topeka, decided to send them to their father, who is living in Ogden. She decided to forward them by express, and, since the company accepts animals of all kinds for transportation, the officials decided the boys could be accepted. The company suspended one rule governing the shipment of live animals, however, which undoubtedly added much to the boys' comfort. That rule requires the crating of all animals sent by express.

The boys, though, saw to it that another rule, which provides that animals must be fed at all junction points and whenever else it may be necessary was not suspended.

CAT LOSES IN FIGHT WITH ROOSTER

A half grown cat belonging to Ford Ewald, a farmer near Sussex, N. J., started to run across the barnyard two or three days ago, and on his way he decided to treat himself to a bit of chicken. But unfortunately for himself he picked out a guinea rooster, a most pugnacious bird, and when he jumped toward it the rooster seized the cat by the tail.

The cat growled in agony and with a vengeful twist turned upon the rooster, which cackled shrilly and began to fight in earnest. Feathers and fur flew in all directions, while cat and the rooster struggled in the throes of combat. Ewald watched the fight and for a time felt sorry for the rooster, but when the bird whistled angrily and bit two or three inches of fur out of the cat's hide his sympathy went out to the cat.

The battle continued for about nine minutes, with the cat losing one of its lives every minute.

At the beginning of the tenth minute the cat grunted hoarsely and rolled over dead, while the rooster preened himself, neighed in triumph two or three times and then strolled proudly away surrounded by worshipping chickens.

LAUGHS

"You keep a joint bank account with your wife, don't you?" "Well, yes. I deposit the money and she takes it out."

Military instructor—"What is meant by hereditary enemies?" Recruit—"Your relations."

Servant (announcing caller)—"Mrs. Dabington Dibbs." Mistress—"Not at home!" Servant—"She's got a new dress on, mum." Mistress—"Show her in."

Phrenologist (delightedly)—"My friend, you were born to command. Are you a soldier?" Dignified Stranger—"No, sor. Oi'm a janitor."

Photographer—I'll make you a very pretty picture, ma'am. Fair Sitter—I want it to look just like me. Photographer—Would you mind payin' in advance?

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1920. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the city and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—None; Business Manager—None.

2. That the owner is Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and his affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1920. C. Warren Hastings. (My Commission expires February 18, 1921.)

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

FINDS AN ALLIGATOR

It is not often that alligators are found along the creeks in this part of Pennsylvania, but Ellsworth Hutton is exhibiting one 18 inches long which he found along Nescopeck Creek. The saurian was crossing the road near a bridge when he caught it. It was very active and made every effort to get away.

TEAKETTLE LIFESAVER

Surrounded on all sides by hissing copper heads, Joe Leonard, watchman at the Fulton tunnel, on the New York Central Railroad, Clearfield, Pa., owes his life to a kettle of hot water which he always has on the top of the little cast-iron stove in the shanty which shelters him from the elements. The other morning after completing his inspection of the tunnel, Leonard returned to his watch box, and on entering found six big copperheads had taken possession.

The biggest reptile in the bunch struck at him from beneath a bench, fastening its fangs in a leg of the watchman's overalls. Leonard sprang on to a small bench, permitting the copperhead to dangle over the side. Realizing that he could not battle the snakes without weapons, he seized the tea kettle and began pouring boiling water on the snakes, which were striking at him from all sides.

Leonard then sprang outside with the biggest snake still hanging to his overalls, evidently unable to release its fangs. With a big rock the watchman soon despatched his closest enemy.

It measured thirty-one inches in length and was as thick as a man's wrist, while the other five ranged in size from two feet to eighteen inches.

SCIENCE BAFFLED BY SCENTS

Some time ago there was held in England a "Victory of Science Exhibition" which served to reveal many marvels to the public unfamiliar with the work done with the microscope, the microphone and the micrograph.

The microphone magnifies sound as the microscope does things seen. The micrograph is the instrument used by the scientists in taking pictures of things shown by the microscope. More people are familiar, to some extent, with the microscope than with the microphone. They know it is possible to make objects entirely outside of the range of natural human vision visible by the use of the telescope for great distances and by the microscope for minute things close by; but few have any knowledge of the device by which it is possible to hear a fly walk or a caterpillar crawl.

Many other wonders of science were shown at the exhibition. But neither there nor anywhere else has science demonstrated its ability to help the senses of man. It can do marvels for sight, hearing and touch, but not for the humble and use-

ful nose. In that field the accomplishments of science have been nil.

Let a man stand two miles, say, to windward of the point where a herd of caribou will cross an open plain over which a fresh breeze is sweeping and it must be apparent that only an infinitely minute particle of whatever matter may be given off from his body or clothing can possibly reach the nostrils of any one deer in the herd. Yet, if the man is completely screened from sight by a rise in the surface of the ground the caribou will nevertheless catch the taint in the air. They would be warned of the presence of a wolf in the same way.

Yet science is utterly unable to detect anything which the olfactory nerve of the deer senses and identifies. It cannot see with a microscope anything in the air which came from the man. It cannot find any such substance with a chemical test of any kind. Instead of aiding the sense of smell, it is entirely incapable of matching it. Here is another realm for science to invade and subdue; but would the conquest be altogether desirable? It is a question whether the average man needs to smell more things or sense more acutely the things he smells already. It is thought that the gains would not offset the losses under the prevailing conditions of life.

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GOOD READING

BRICKBAT KILLS MAD BULL

An infuriated bull was killed almost instantly when struck between the eyes by a brickbat thrown by a small boy as it was about to gore an aged negro in Indianapolis, Ind., recently. The lad, apparently frightened when he saw the animal sink to the ground, fled in a panic, and employees at the local stock yards, where the incident occurred, were unable to learn his identity. The bull escaped from its pen and charged at Robert Williams, an aged negro employed at the yards. The lad, who was near by, seized a brickbat and hurled it at the attacking animal. When it fell to the ground he ran.

WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?

This question puzzled everyone who thought of it for a long time. Even astronomers, the men who make a business of studying the skies, and other learned men puzzled their brains about it and searched for the answer long ago, until finally, as always happens when a lot of people study a subject, Prof. John Tyndall, a noted scientist of the last century, discovered the answer. The explanation follows: All the light we have is sunlight, which is pure white light. This white light is made up of rays of light of different colors. These rays are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. It takes all of these different rays of light to make our white sunlight, and when you separate sunlight into its original rays you always produce the rays of light in the above colors, and in the same order. This is only true, however, when the sunlight is passed through an object which does not absorb any of its rays. This is the arrangement of the different colors of light found in the rainbow. The rainbow is formed by sunlight passing into raindrops or vapor in such a way as to divide the sunlight into the different colored rays of light. When the rainbow is formed none of the rays are absorbed by raindrops or vapor through which the sunlight passes. Some of these rays of light are known as short rays and others as long rays. But when sunlight meets other things besides those which make a pure rainbow these other objects have the ability to absorb some of the rays of colored light, and they throw off the remainder. When these rays have been thrown off those which have been absorbed make many different combinations, and thus are produced all of the various tints and shades of color, according to composition and size.

Now, then, to get back to the color of the sky, which is blue, as we know. The sky or air which surrounds the earth is filled with countless tiny specks of what we may call dust—particles of solid things hanging or floating in the air. These specks are of just the size and quality that they catch and absorb part of the rays of light which form our sunlight and throw off the rest of the rays, and the part which has been absorbed forms the combination of color which makes our sky so beautifully blue.

A FIGHTING SNAKE

"Don't wake up a moccasin," was the lesson learned by a Northern man while fishing in a bayou of the Pearl River, Fla.

His end of the boat had turned toward the nearest bank, about thirty feet distant, and lying asleep on a log at the water's edge he noticed a moccasin of very fair proportions.

Signalling to his companion, he pointed to the snake, that he might hold the boat steady while the fisherman tried a shot at the serpent with a small pistol, in the use of which constant practice had made him very expert. The snake's head was not visible so the fisherman decided to try a shot at the thickest part of the body, which showed clear on the highest part of the log, presenting a fair mark, that he could hit nine times in ten.

As he fired the boat must have moved slightly, for his shot struck one-half inch lower than he intended. Instead of going through the snake's body, it went between it and the log and must have felt very much like a hot iron, to judge by the creature's actions.

After a quick quiver and a full length squirm the snake began to bow his back and spit like an angry cat.

This was so unusual that it amused the man very much and they sat laughing heartily for a moment or two, expecting every instant that the snake would take to the water and disappear.

Suddenly the snake swung around, with its head stretched in their direction, and plunged into the water, but did not disappear. Threshing through the water like mad, he made straight for the fisherman with an air of business that cured the attack of merriment promptly and effectually.

Straight on he came until he was but a few feet from the man as he sat in the boat, and then the fisherman recovered his powers of locomotion and most ingloriously fled. There was no choice of routes, so straight down the long, slender boat he dashed toward the end his companion occupied clearing the middle seat with a jump that nearly drove the bottom out.

His companion had started up with a startled cry to "Look out!" and had grasped a heavy paddle. But seeing the fisherman bearing down upon him in a wild flight that was certain to carry both of them over the end of the boat into twenty feet of water, the other dropped the paddle, stooped low and caught his friend with an approved football tackle just above the knees, and together they fell with a crash against the end seat, the fisherman's head striking with such force that he was rendered well nigh unconscious.

Springing to his feet, the second man snatched up the paddle and ran to the end of the boat from which the flight began and found the snake still in pursuit, although the boat had moved some distance from the impetus given by the sudden arresting of the flight. Not until he had received a blow that almost disabled him did the serpent retire from the attack. He then swam back to the bank and crawled out on the very log on which he had first been seen.

EYES GROW KEENER IN THE DARK

On entering a dark room after a stay in the outside daylight the eye at once begins to increase in sensitivity. At appears to be slow, but after first this increase five minutes the increase is quite rapid, the eye acquiring a sensitivity several hundred times its initial value. After thirty minutes' sojourn in the dark the sensitivity still increases, but more slowly than before, and after forty-five minutes or an hour the maximum sensitivity is reached. The final sensitivity varies slightly with different people, but in fully adapted condition the eye is easily 5,000 or 10,000 times more sensitive than it was at the beginning.

These facts are obtained from a study of the sensitiveness of the eye in the dark made by Selig Hecht of Creighton University, Omaha, and published in the Journal of General Physiology. Mr. Hecht's study goes to show that the increased sensitiveness is due to a reversible photochemical reaction within the retina, involving a photosensitive substance and its two products of decomposition.

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ABOUT ELECTRIC FISH

Certain fishes exhibit peculiar electrical phenomena of muscles, nerves and heart, which have given them the name of electric fishes. These have the power of giving electrical shocks from specially constructed and living electrical batteries.

There are in all about fifty species of these fishes, but the electrical properties of only five or six have been studied in detail. The best known are various species of torpedo, belonging to the skate family, found in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas; the gymnotus, an eel found in the region of the Orinoco in South America; the malapterurus, the raash or thunderer fish, of the Arabs, a native of the Nile, the Niger, Senegal and other African rivers, and various species of skate found in the seas around Great Britain.

The electrical fishes do not belong to any one class or group—some are found in fresh water, while others inhabit the sea. They possess two distinct types of electrical organs. One closely relates in structure to muscle, as found in the torpedo, gymnotus and skate, while the other presents more of the characters of the secreting gland of the thunderer.

BOTTOM DROP- PED OUT OF DEEGAN'S PASTURE

Twenty-five acres of Charles Deegan's farm suddenly sank thirty feet one night recently, and where once his best pasture lay he has nothing but a lot of not very beautiful scenery. It dropped straight downward, leaving here and there pinnacles ten feet in diameter and thirty feet high. Geologists say that the land was probably supported in the past by a subterranean lake that has been emptied in some mysterious manner. They base this on the fact that a number of low-lying surface ponds and lakes have lately filled up.

The sunken piece was the favorite part of the pasture, and the night before the big drop the cattle that usually occupied it refused to leave the shelter of the farm buildings, bellowing mightily and running back every time they were driven to that corner of the field.

The Deegan farm contains a deep protected canyon in which there are boiling springs, and flowers bloom in the canyon all the year and the grass is always green. Five years ago the birds discovered in it an ideal winter resort, and since then thousands of them go there.

Wonderful Victory Over Baldness

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at the age of 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressed in my state of mind mildly.

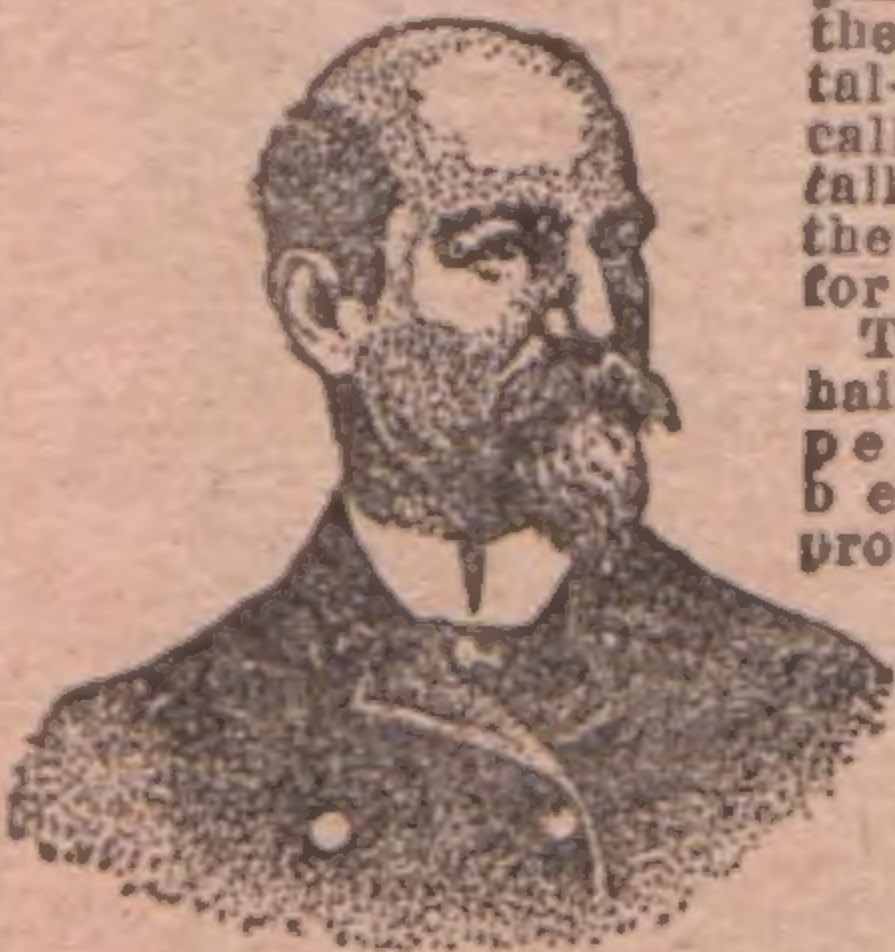
Hair Grew Luxuriantly

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret if I could. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable rifle in exchange.

I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my plans to introduce



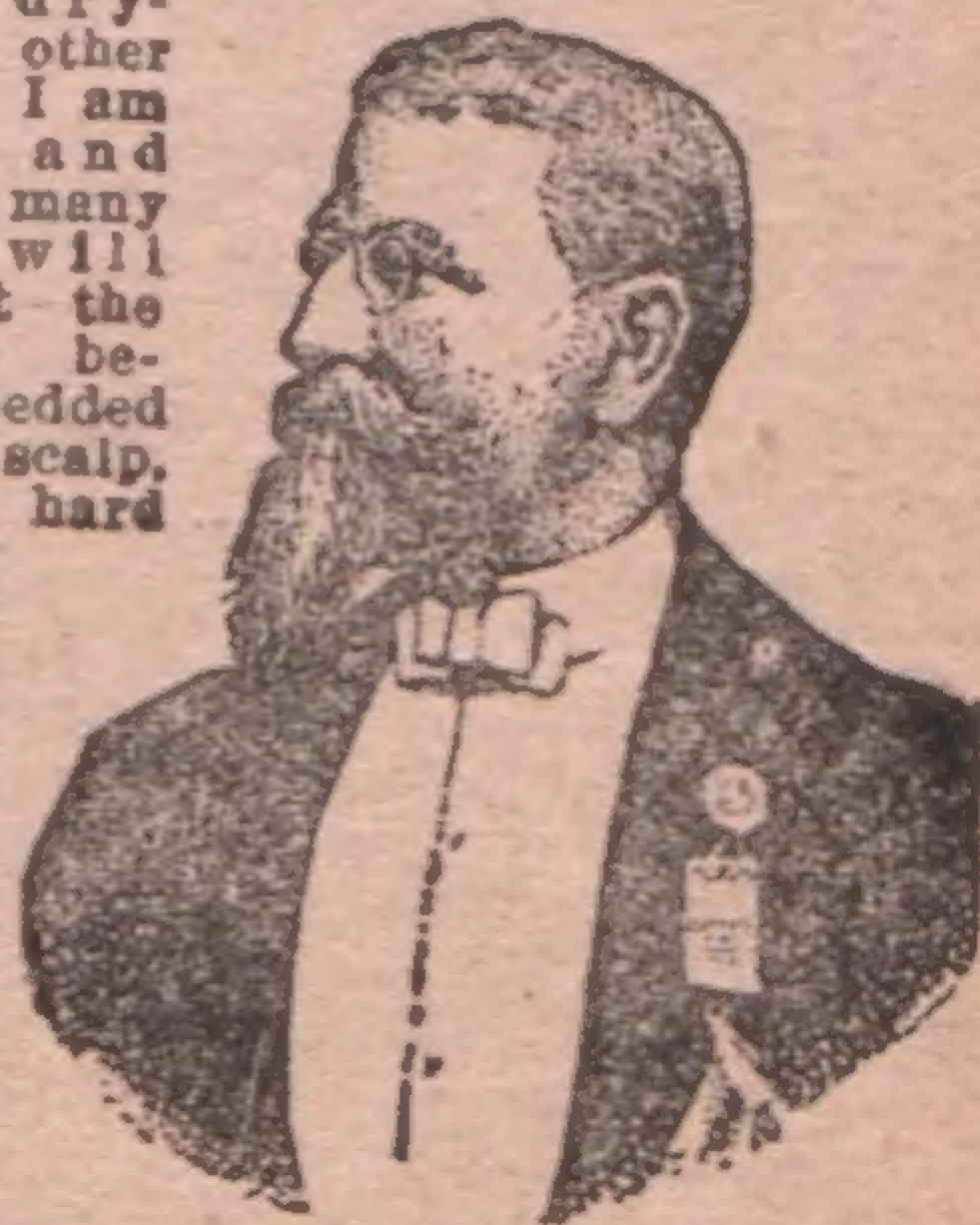
the wonderful Kotalko (which I call for short kotalko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever,

excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard

skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.



The Secret Now Revealed

Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce Kotalko, the Indian hair elixir. It met with an immediate demand and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that Kotalko grew a beautiful supply of blond hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered.

I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply Kotalko, according to the genuine Indians' formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it.

Recipe Given Free

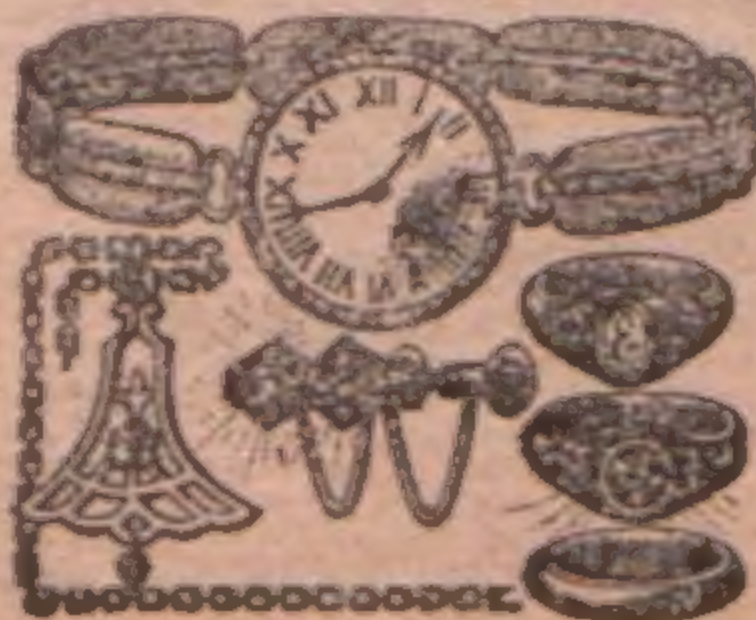
The recipe shall be pleased to mail, free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BG-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. When you have grown new hair please send me a letter giving the facts for my files.

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